

# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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BARGAIN-DAY IN ONE OF THE GREAT STORES OF THE NEW YORK SHOPPING DISTRICT.  
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## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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## Justice at Last.

THE decision of the New York Court of Appeals affirming the judgment of the lower court in sentencing "Bat" Shea to be executed for the murder of Robert Ross, at the spring election of 1894 in the city of Troy, has been hailed everywhere, outside of the infamous partisan ring which so long dominated that city, with profound satisfaction. There never was a more atrocious outrage upon the freedom of the ballot, or a more unprovoked assault upon a peaceful citizen, than that perpetrated by this ruffian, Shea. The facts of the case are still within public recollection. Ross, a young man of most exemplary character, of pacific temper and inoffensive life, was a Republican watcher at the polls. Shea was a member of the Murphy gang of bullies who, by intimidation, fraud, and violence, had for years held the city in subjection to that notorious boss. Without provocation he shot and killed young Ross after having made an attempt upon the life of another watcher. The act was deliberate, if not, in fact, premeditated. He was arrested, tried, and after great difficulty convicted, the ring employing every possible artifice and all the pressure at its command to embarrass the trial and secure a verdict of acquittal. Sentenced to death, his counsel appealed the case upon the pretext that the indictment was not lawfully procured, and now, after long delay, the court of last resort finally decides that there is no ground for appeal, and that the murderer must die. In announcing its decision the court denounces in the most scathing terms the infamous practices which have characterized Troy elections, saying, in part:

"The government by the people cannot long exist if such practices continue. We cannot believe that there are prominent public or party men who countenance such methods of conducting an election. Such practices as are now spoken of must be stamped out by the most vigorous and active legal measures and by the co-operation of all political measures. The repeater is the modern pirate, an enemy of organized and civilized society, and it is the duty of all parties to assist the officers of the law in the prompt punishment of the guilty."

Every right-minded citizen will applaud the sentiments here expressed. There are few, however, who will be able to share the opinion of the court, that the fraudulent and murderous methods so strongly reprobated are not encouraged by "prominent public or party men." The methods in Troy of which the murder of Robert Ross was the direct and logical outcome could never have existed but for the inspiration and support they have received from persons who are conspicuous in Democratic councils. Some of these persons have received the highest honors in the gift of the party, and are to-day potent factors in determining its nominations and its policy. They are as desperate of purpose and as remorselessly hostile to the purity of the ballot and the right of the people to govern themselves as they have ever been at any time in the past. The execution of Shea, their tool, will be a triumph of justice, but these desperate gamblers in politics have yet to be reckoned with. And there must be no let-up in the crusade for civic purity until not only these, but all partisan malefactors like them, everywhere in the land, are finally and effectually overthrown.

## Commercial Training.



quality of service rendered by those whom they employ. This is one view of the case. Another is that the development of our foreign commerce directly depends upon the ability and experience of those who control and direct,

HERE is no doubt that one of the greatest needs in the practical life of this country to-day is better commercial education. The vast majority of business failures in the United States and Canada are due to inexperience and incapacity. Of those who start in business, considerably more than ninety per cent. fail, and it is fair to say that at least sixty per cent. of these failures are due either to the lack of training of the principals themselves or the inferior

Every day, merchants are complaining of the difficulty of getting competent men to extend their trade. One great reason why we have not secured our share of business in South America, Mexico, and other sections is that we have not had men trained to capture the trade and equipped to hold the markets after they are gained.

In this matter we may learn a good deal from the countries of Europe where commercial education in the broad sense has accomplished such wonderful results. The recent consular reports published by our State Department are full of valuable information upon this point. For more than forty years a commercial institute to furnish special education to young men who desire to engage in commercial pursuits has been at work in Antwerp under the administration of representatives of both the municipal and the general governments. A correspondent writes that it "has played no unimportant part in building up the intelligent business community of Antwerp, which in recent years has brought about so wonderful a development of the city's trade that Antwerp now stands at the head of all the great seaports of continental Europe, and immediately after London, Liverpool, and New York." It is the opinion of careful investigators that Germany owes her great foreign trade very largely to her comprehensive system of commercial education. Hamburg is given as an admirable illustration of what this training does. A merchants' union was organized to help young men out of work and fit them for employment. During the forty years of its existence it has trained many thousands of young men, and has found places for over forty thousand of them. These unions have spread throughout the empire, and have done a most wonderful work. "If German clerks are the best, the hardest working, safest, and most reliable, and if German agents are the best informed and most pushing, it is due in a large degree to lessons learned in these unions," writes the American consul; and he adds: "When one looks for a reason why the clerks of London are twenty-five to thirty-five per cent. German, he finds it running back in golden links to these unions." So wonderfully has their influence spread that the whole world is being covered with "a network of agencies for promoting German commerce and finding outlets for German industry." There are also in Germany preparatory schools for special mercantile instruction. In the other countries of Europe to a somewhat less degree commercial education is specially provided for, and the French government is considering the advisability of creating a corps of commercial inspectors who shall travel abroad, collect information in the different markets France seeks to enter, and then bring their facts home for the instruction of the commercial houses in trade.

The whole effect of this education has been to lift commerce to a higher plane of dignity and usefulness, and here in this country, where the typical citizen is a business man, we ought to be doing more to provide the educational facilities that will make the business men of the coming generation the most successful in the country's history. If we do not do it Germany and other countries will continue to make advances in controlling the trade of the world, and the leadership we might enjoy will be permanently lost to us.

## The Cuban Insurrection.

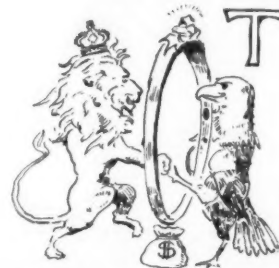
THE New York World publishes a statement by General Martinez Campos as to the situation in Cuba which proves very conclusively that the insurrection is by no means the insignificant affair which most Spanish accounts have represented it to be. General Campos says very frankly that it is more formidable and of wider scope than he anticipated when he set about its suppression; that the military policy of the insurgents has been wise and effective; that they have a great advantage in their knowledge of the country and in the active sympathy of the people; and that the Spanish force on the island, considerable as it is, is hardly adequate to the demands of the situation. He declares, however, that he anticipates success in the vigorous and aggressive campaign he will soon inaugurate.

There is no doubt that, urged thereto by the home government, Campos is preparing to strike much heavier blows against the insurgents than he has so far delivered, and the conditions will certainly be more favorable to his success during the winter season than they have hitherto been. On the other hand, the insurrection has gained coherency and strength, and its leaders have acquired greater confidence, through the successes of the past summer; the popular sympathy with the movement is finding more definite and helpful expression, and the equipment of the fighting force is so much improved that it is difficult to see how General Campos can possibly, with the troops at his command, overcome the resistance he will encounter in the disaffected provinces. The formal organization of a revolutionary government, with its headquarters in Puerto Principe, and its proclamation of the code of laws by which the republic will be governed, is a significant evidence of the trend of affairs, and is perhaps the most effective answer that could be made to Campos's pronouncement. It will be sure to draw to the support of the insurrectionary leaders a good many Cubans who have hitherto held aloof. Late reports indicate that the people of the western end of the island are declaring themselves openly, and that outbreaks may occur at any moment in

centres of population which the Spanish have believed to be undoubtedly loyal.

On the whole the prospects of the Cuban cause must be regarded as favorable to the aspirations of its supporters. If they should succeed in obtaining recognition as belligerents, by this or any other government, their success would probably be placed beyond a doubt.

## International Marriages.



THE frequent marriage of American girls to titled foreigners is becoming a subject of newspaper comment abroad. Even the dignified London *Spectator*, which ordinarily confines itself to graver topics, taking the engagement of the young Duke of Marlborough to Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt as its text, devotes a page to this general subject. And its comments are peculiarly candid and amiable. It starts with the statement that the habit of intermarriage among their citizens is not, as some people contend, a bond of union between countries. "If it were so," it remarks, "North and South, England and Ireland, would be lost in love for one another." It emphasizes this view with the declaration that the "wildest conflict of opinion has never blinded Englishmen to the charms of Irish girls; neither have Irishmen ever ceased to seek brides in England." As a matter of fact, the *Spectator* holds that engagements such as the one above recorded would naturally become causes of international jealousy rather than affection, and it notes some signs that they are so becoming. Thus the ladies' newspapers on the other side "begin to make savage comments on the American girls who carry off the great prizes in the English lottery of marriage, while the American men are asking in astonishment, not wholly untinged with anger, why all their heiresses should prefer stiff-backed suitors from Europe to themselves." To the *Spectator*, however, the process seems to be a very natural one, and in no way deserving the hard words with which tidings of such a betrothal are constantly received. It says in this connection:

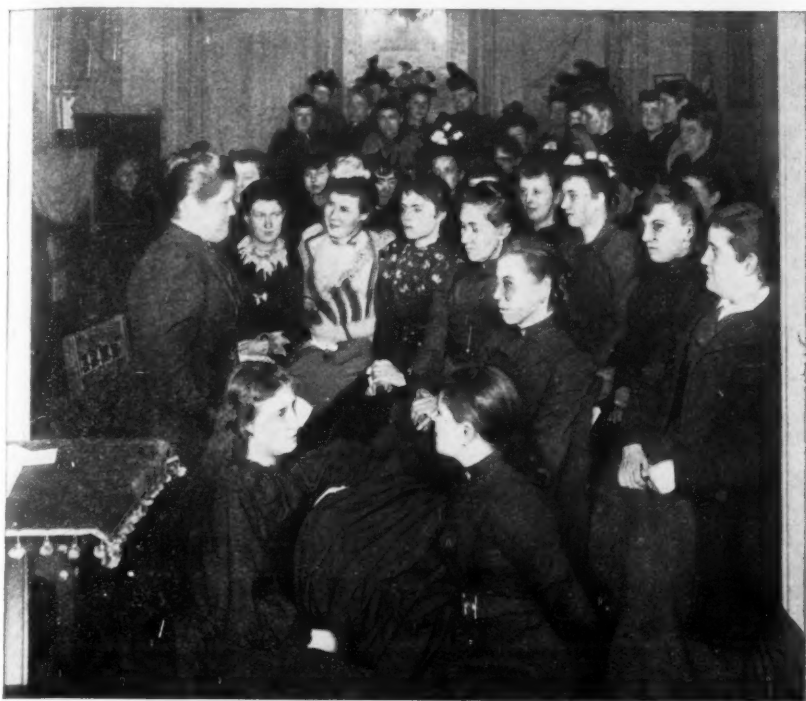
"The English noble who marries the American millionaire may be, of course, playing a part in a mere 'arrangement,' as he might be also if he were marrying a duke's daughter at home, but he may be making an honest choice within the limits to which opinion has confined him. We do not blame princes who seek their brides only within royal houses; and, in fact, most men are bound in the same withes, though they may not be quite so narrow. The noble must, in the opinion of his order, marry either rank or money, and in choosing the latter in America he accepts his destiny, accompanied by as few drawbacks as may be. There is no reason why, though he regains his coronet, he should not be heartily in love. The American girl is not a foreigner; she is usually beautiful, with a beauty that all men recognize; she is as straight in conduct as any Puritan; she is, while young, as entertaining as any girl in the world, and her usual foibles—the first of which are a certain superficiality and self-will—are precisely the foibles which belong to the aristocratic training. She has no relatives who are troublesome, for the Atlantic rolls between her and them; she is never despised in the circle which receives her; and opinion, which weighs heavily with both sexes in their marriages, hails the bridegroom as having made a notable and worthy conquest. So far from wondering at the English noble or statesman who marries in America, we wonder that he marries anywhere else; he gains so very much, and there are so few drawbacks to his choice. Where else can he fall in love, and rebuild his house, and entirely content opinion, at one and the same time?"

While all this is true, the *Spectator* is inclined to marvel why the American girl so often prefers the English or German or Italian noble to one of her own kinsfolk. The American suitor, it is kind enough to say, "is often as polished as the European; he is usually much better cultivated—cultivation not being by any means the strong point of the European aristocrat; he is richer, rather than poorer, and while he is at least as eager a lover, he is, by the consent of two continents, a rather more devoted husband. Why, then, is he passed over for one who comes from the outside?" Our English contemporary does not believe that this is due to worship of rank; it fancies, rather, "that tradition, literature, and unaccustomedness have something to do with it, and that the higher society of Europe has for the American girl something of the charm of romance, as of an undiscovered and better country in which it would be pleasant to undertake an adventure." It is entirely unable to see why the American girl who selects a new and, as she thinks, a brighter life, should be accused either of snobishness or of over-vaulting ambition.

Certainly these comments of the *Spectator* are much more good-natured than those often found in the columns of our own American newspapers. There are few of the latter, we fancy, who would undertake to justify the marriage of American heiresses to impecunious foreigners by any such pleasant plea as it makes in their behalf. But it may be, after all, that the *Spectator* is not so far out of the way; indeed, we are inclined to believe that the criticisms so freely indulged in by some of our journals are wholly unwarranted by the fact which enter into many of these marriage arrangements. However this may be, it is not at all likely that the tendency toward international marriages, which seems to have been accentuated with the lapse of time, will grow any less pronounced with the broadening of the spirit of human brotherhood and the obliteration of the artificial distinctions which have characterized so largely the society of the past.



## AN EXPERIMENTAL COURSE IN PHILANTHROPOLOGY.



ONE OF MISS DODGE'S WEEKLY CONVERSATIONS.

THE experience of Grace Hoadley Dodge may be said to prove the paradox that the best charity is no charity. Beginning with the loftiest missionary enthusiasm to attempt the reform of criminals, she has proceeded step by step to the position that the proper education of teachers in a paid college is the noblest philanthropy.

Twenty years ago Miss Dodge, then in her teens, was a society girl of bright prospects. She had the good fortune to be the granddaughter of William E. Dodge, Sr., one of the most honored of New York merchant princes. He was president of the Chamber of Commerce, a trustee of Union Theological Seminary, and one of the founders of the Union League Club. As the oldest child of an oldest child, Miss Dodge was a favorite with her grandparents, and resided with them.

At that time she taught a class in the Sunday-school connected with the fashionable Madison Square Church of which Dr. Parkhurst is now the pastor.

When the greatest of modern Boanerges, D. L. Moody, commenced his memorable revival services in New York, the elder Dodge was glad to receive him as a guest under his own roof. Thus Miss Dodge became acquainted with a man whose passion for the uplifting of humanity is contagious. Those who are wont to discount the efforts of emotional religious exhorters, on the ground that their influence is fleeting and followed by reaction in the direction of irreligion, should consider the case of Grace Dodge. Her zeal has increased steadily with the flight of years.

It is curious that a sweet Christian girl should have chosen Magdalens for her first missionary labors. Yet such was the fact in Miss Dodge's case. If society girls generally should suddenly pursue such a course, what, I wonder, would be the effect upon numbers of society men? Would there be any fear of possible revelations that might be made by the penitents?

Mrs. Charlotte L. Williams, the widow of a clergyman, was matron of the Woman's Infirmary in New York at that time. Miss Dodge sought her out, and so made the acquaintance of one of the gentlest saints uncanonized. The infirmary was a charitable institution for young women during confinement, and the object of it was reformatory. For this reason it was open only to first offenders.



MRS. C. L. WILLIAMS.

The young missionary cultivated the acquaintance of these unfortunates, who were often without other friends. She was surprised to learn how many of them had been misled through sheer ignorance. Many more might have been saved if they had had one Christian friend to influence them in the hour of their temptation.

Miss Dodge is eminently practical. Why not put up a bulwark at the top of the precipice, she asked, instead of binding up the maimed and injured at the foot of it? Why not be the one Christian friend of the innocent working-girl, and by counsel and loving companionship prevent disaster?

Most of the inmates of the infirmary came from among the employes of certain factories which employ large numbers of girls. Miss Dodge visited these factories and organized classes which met for conversation with her once a week in a room hired for the purpose. Of course only the best girls would be attracted, but by organizing the better

element and by getting hold of young girls as they came into the shops, an influence for good was set in motion. These classes were free from any creed beyond that of self-sacrifice for Christ's sake. Girls of the Catholic faith were just as much at home with Miss Dodge as any others. She has also learned to co-operate with charitable Hebrew women in benevolent enterprises with perfect concord.

The trouble with weekly conversations was that it left the girls six evenings for temptation to one for improvement. Moreover, pious conversations, even when conducted by one of Miss Dodge's vivacity and amiability, are not as attractive to the average shop-girl as the play or the ball. The problem was to get up something the girls would be anxious to join. And so Miss Dodge originated working-girls' clubs.

It is useless to debate whether all the working-girls' clubs in the world grew out of Miss Dodge's club. No doubt the time had come for them, and more than one worker may have invented them. At any rate, there is no danger of infringing on a patent if anybody desires to imitate them. They are to be found in large cities all over the United States, England, France, and Italy, and, so far as known, all were formed subsequently to February, 1884, the date on which Miss Dodge organized the Thirty-eighth Street Working-girls' Club.

The attraction at the Thirty-eighth Street club is dancing (without gentlemen). There is also a library and reading-room, which is not nearly so popular. For those who are willing to pay extra there are classes in sewing, embroidery, cooking, and singing. Some years they take lessons in dumb-bell or other athletic exercise. The club is self-supporting, and there is no taint of charity about it. The members pay dues by the month. There is a sick benefit society and a vacation society connected with it for the assistance of worn-out girls.

Near by, in Thirty-sixth Street, there is an employment



CLASS IN DUMB BELL EXERCISE.

bureau started by Miss Dodge to find work for girls who are out of work. Nearly one-half of all the applicants to this bureau have been placed in permanent situations. Girls who have married are not lost to the Thirty-eighth Street club. Miss Dodge has a circle of mothers and babes once a week. There are nineteen clubs in the New York association, with a membership of about twenty-five hundred.

Miss Dodge's interest in her girls has continued unabated, notwithstanding she has gone on a great way in philanthropic enterprise. She still meets them for a conversation every Tuesday evening. Mrs. Richard Irvin has relieved her of much of the detail work of the club.

Miss Dodge's study of the character of shop-girls convinced her that in order to be efficient the good influences should be thrown around them before they came to the shop. She resolved to train the children, and this led her to study the homes of the poor.

Miss Dodge was now getting at the heart of the problem of poverty. She became acquainted with Louise E. Schuyler, who had organized the State Charities Aid Association. That society consists of philanthropic persons all over the State who are accustomed to visit public institutions, to converse with the inmates. One such individual standing alone has little influence over the management of an asylum or almshouse, but as the representative of an incorporated society with privileges accorded by law, his advice is apt

to be heeded, and he knows how to bring to bear all the resources of the organization upon an institution that is mismanaged.

But the best work of the State Charities Aid Association was the collection of information bearing upon the causes of poverty and contributing to the formation of a new science, now taught in a number of leading colleges—the science of philanthropy. To the influence of the State Aid Association are due such diverse and valuable auxiliaries to charity as the New York Charity Organization Society and the Training School for Nurses.

Miss Dodge resolved to improve the homes of the poor. A new matron was found for the Woman's Infirmary, and Mrs. Williams was induced to manage a kitchen-garden, or a school for instruction in kitchen work. The school was located on Eleventh Street, and it had an office on Fourteenth Street through which employment was found for graduates as domestic servants. For the poor had no great desire to improve their own homes, and the only incentive to learn cookery for them was the promise of situations.

The teaching of kitchen work is still continued by more than one mission enterprise in New York, but Miss Dodge's kitchen-garden has grown into something as unlike it as the butterfly is unlike the larva from which it sprung.

What with kitchen-gardens and kindergartens, and the study of manuals on training and on manual training, Miss Dodge had developed into an authority on pedagogics. Accordingly, when in 1886 there was a demand for the appointment of women on the Board of Education, William R. Grace, who was then mayor of New York, naturally selected Miss Dodge as one of the first two women ever made commissioners of education in this city.

Miss Dodge not only attended committee meetings and board meetings, but she visited all the schools in the city, became well acquainted with the teachers, and learned the needs of each school. Her great desire was to establish co-operation between teachers and the parents of pupils, which is still a cardinal point in her system. One evening of every week was teachers' evening while she continued a member of the board, and that evening any teacher was welcome to seek Miss Dodge's advice at her house.

Miss Dodge was studying two things—the homes of the people and the schools of the people. She became convinced that much of the instruction of the schools was wasted. She also believed that the things the poor most needed to learn were not taught in the schools. When every beggar can read and write, the question arises whether he might not also while at school have learned to make an honest and useful living. Miss Dodge wanted to see boys trained to good workmanship and girls to good housekeeping, right from the beginning of life. She wanted to see instruction of the hand and eye as well as of the mind.

What little has been done in the public schools of New York in the way of kindergartens and sewing classes is due to Miss Dodge's influence. But the public service is con-

servative. The Normal College did not train teachers to teach by the new methods, nor could it afford to spend public money in experiments. It was a situation to discourage the ordinary reformer, who would have worn out his life in vain jeremiads.

But Miss Dodge is not an ordinary reformer. She has the advantage of having had a millionaire grandfather. She resolved to have a normal college of her own. The kitchen-garden made a metamorphosis. Mrs. Williams stopped graduating servants and began the instruction of teachers. An old theological seminary building on University Place was rented and the teachers' college was a fact. It was chartered in 1889, and a year ago it removed to a beautiful new home on Morningside Heights, in Harlem, where it forms one of the Columbia College system of educational institutions. It was Miss Dodge who induced George W. Vanderbilt to give the site for the college, and it was her own personal friends who erected and equipped six hundred and sixty thousand dollars' worth of buildings on it; making, probably, the most perfect pedagogic laboratory in this country. Dr. W. L. Hervey is its president.

In stature Miss Dodge is queenly, and she moves in an air of abounding and healthful helpfulness. Although her features are not regular, her face lights up with animation when she talks, making her most attractive. Especially when speaking on religious themes her face fairly beams.

GEORGE M. SIMONSON.





LETTY LIND.

### Merrymakers on the London Stage.

To be a favorite on the stage in the "Modern Babylon," a woman must be equipped in at least one of three ways. She may be only beautiful, and the lack of talent will be overlooked; if she startles by her "fetching" qualities, audacity, *diablerie*, she may be plain and sublimely stupid; or she must legitimately amuse and interest according to English canons, which, by the way, are frequently not ours.

Two of these types are found in "The Artist's Model," the comic opera which has held a London stage now for very nearly a year—Letty Lind and Hetty Hamer.

We are familiar with the dainty little Englishwoman who transformed skirt-dancing into a sort of butterfly art four or five years ago. London pets her. In the blue jean trousers and blouse of the Paris street urchin, as she dances in her diminutive clogs and smiles in her odd, one-sided way, she sparkles into the sympathy of the watchers. Her face is piquant—an honest, little face—but of absolute beauty she has scarcely any, and after three years' illness she returned to the stage last year with only an echo of a voice, even for spoken lines.

Her charm, however, does not depend on beauty of face or voice. She seems a sprite, her every glance an unreserved expression of the part she plays; her smile flashing over every part of a crowded house an invisible lasso knitting the attention and homage of her audience.

And then, lastly, and most important, those little feet of hers! In the turnings of the "Tom-tit" dance they waft the

blues away as gracefully as clouds of tobacco smoke; acrobatic sky assaults find no exponent in Letty Lind. She is a born comedienne. Seldom does a dancing member of a comic-opera company give any semblance of reality to the lines of the libretto—as a rule it is considered quite enough to strut through the part; but as the runaway school-girl in Paris, playing truant in the blouse and cap of a saucy gamin, she is satisfying enough to dispense with songs and dances and still be a success.

In contrast to her stands Hetty Hamer. Her photographs decorate the theatre lobbies as prominently as those of the principals, yet she does nothing. She is as an actress as she might be a model in a cloak shop. Her face is beautiful, though lacking in shades of expression. She neither sings nor acts. She merely exists behind the foot-lights and draws her large salary because her eyes are like big, shadowed violets, her mouth like a Greek bow, the cut of her nose and chin strikingly classic. She suggests Hardy's milkmaid heroine, Tess—the bovine calm in the large, clear eyes, the pouting lips, with the red pinch in the middle of the upper one, the surprised, ingenuous, unvarying smile. Lengthy notices are always given Hetty Hamer in the papers, and the interest the audience takes in her is eloquent of another national difference between the English and us—their critical appreciation of feminine beauty, merely as beauty, irrespective of talent and social status.

Another instance of this under more unreserved conditions is the beautiful Miss Harold, of the music-halls. She is five feet five, of physical perfection, and renders racy songs in a diminutive voice and with a lisp, but she has a face of the *retroussé* cherub order which a smile awakens into dimples. London is content to look at her in three changes of



HETTY HAMER.



MISS MAY YOHE AS "DANDY DICK WHITTINGTON."

Psyche-like costume every evening, forget the lisp, and applaud.

Cissy Loftus, the mimic—all London is talking of her. She is considered as genuinely talented for the work she does, as Letty Lind for hers. Her vogue in New York was mild, perhaps because she did not mimic types familiar to us. Be that as it may, she is a reigning queen of her world, and stands alone in her special line of work in London. Her pictures are everywhere, and many of them, from the aristocratic tea-rooms in the neighborhood of Hyde Park, to the grimy windows of the fried-fish shops near Drury Lane, and the great Palace Theatre, crowded from foot-lights to dome as the time approaches when she is due to appear, presents an almost terrifying spectacle when viewed from an upper box. She is considered an inimitable mimic. The celebrities she holds up for amusement must of course be as familiar as one's hand to be enjoyed. Her selections for the English have been from the beginning happy ones.

As an American making a "hit" in London never approached in her native land, May Yohe stands out prominently. She has a pretty, irregular, characterless face—no one calls her a beauty—and her hoarse, uncultivated contralto wins no soft adjectives when an Englishman describes it. But she is nevertheless an unqualified success, the star of a burlesque opera company, very much photographed, very much talked of, and if, as some one has said, it is the ambition of a variety actress to see her name on the back of a "sandwich man" crawling among crowds, then May Yohe must revel in a theatrical Nirvana every time she drives out.

One feels inclined to try and diagnose the reasons

for her English triumphs. As you watch her stride across the stage, invariably in boy's clothes, almost invariably cracking a whip or smoking a cigarette, throwing in a surreptitious wink at the audience between a hoarse laugh and a hoarse line, you feel the magnetism of her audacity. The thought that you are regarding a woman with probably no iota of reverence for anything under heaven but her own wayward will, a compilation of boyish sauciness, recklessness, with fingers poised to snap defiance at criticism, has a certain charm which deepens as the play progresses.

Part of her success may also be due to the fact that she has achieved one of those strange alliances for which London is famous—the lord and the burlesque actress. May Yohe under the limelight—Lady Hope in private life, the possessor of a penniless, titled husband—the one is scarcely less audaciously interesting than the other.

Lastly, she is an American, has the American accent and go-ahead manner. Slow-going, conservative British subjects, like these. The charm of unexpectedness hangs over May Yohe—a tacit promise of never-ending surprises flavored with sauce piquante.

After a season in London, one fact touching on this subject stands out prominently: Londoners are faithful to their favorites, and it never occurs to them to wonder how they might please other communities. With hope high the popular ones may leave their familiar haunts to conquer other lands; they may return, as they sometimes do, unsuccessful, homesick, suffering from the pangs of chagrin—but unchanged, clamorous London draws them back to its big heart again, and the memory of failure is forgotten like a bad dream.

KATE JORDAN.



MISS HAROLD.



MISS CISSY LOFTUS AS "Mlle. YVETTE GILBERT."





"Bride and bridegroom passed out into the night."

## WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK.

A TALE OF LOVE AND WAR.

By JOSEPH HATTON.

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### XVIII.

THE FAMILY CHARIOT ARRIVES AT ST. GERMAIN.



HE family chariot, with its attendant horsemen, dashed along at breakneck pace toward St. Germain. Once they lost the road, and came back to it with strained axles. The tollman at the bridge over the Seine, by Neuilly, wondered at the flying cavalcade. The duke grumbled, and presently slept. Mathilde watched the shadows of the roadway, a glimmer of the new moon shining here and there between the trees. She responded with a beating heart to de Fournier's cheery words, as he reined up his horse at intervals to speak with her through the carriage window.

Monsieur Bertin and the Delaunys rode abreast now and then to discuss their probable action at St. Germain. Joseph sat calmly in the boot, now and then chuckling over the fighting by the Lion d'Or, and speculating upon the safety of Pierre, who, with Jean, elected to remain behind.

De Fournier was not in riding costume. When he left the château the thoughtful Joseph had gently insisted upon endowing him with one of his master's cloaks. This modified his incongruous attire, which had not been improved by changing his elegant buckled shoes for the boots he had taken off on his arrival at the château from the massacre at the Tuileries. But de Fournier had no thought of dress. A good sword now swung by his side, and Mathilde was companion of his flight. This was both a joy and a pain—though, to his knowledge, affairs had not advanced so far on the road to utter chaos as to endanger the life of the least protected of women, and the lowest Frenchman was supposed to be considerate, even if not gallant, to a petticoat.

Once more crossing the Seine, unchecked and unopposed, they arrived at Monsieur Bertin's house, on the borders of the forest, an ancient mansion of the sixteenth century, surrounded with a turreted wall, and approached across a draw-bridge spanning a moat that had long been dry and given over to shrubs and flowering plants. Here they were received by a posse of stablemen and servants, and within the house by Madame Bertin and her two daughters, who provided Mathilde with an apartment near their own, and later joined the supper party in the spacious *salle à manger*. It was long after midnight, and Monsieur Bertin and his friends had been expected since nine o'clock. Several guests who had come from different quarters—one from Lyons and another from Dijon—sat down to sup; but it was not until after the ladies had retired that Monsieur Bertin explained the cause of his delay, and the reason for the addition of Monsieur le Duc de Louvet and the Count de Fournier to their council. The duke, however, begged to be excused from taking part in their deliberations and retired to rest, attended by the faithful Joseph, who sat up late to gather what information he might from Monsieur le Comte; for Joseph felt assured that the game of royalty and those who supported it was over, unless some extraordinary success was won by the advancing enemy on the frontier, and he was sufficiently a Frenchman to desire the success of the national arms, whatever might befall. It was close on morning when de Fournier retired. Joseph awaited him. He had told Monsieur Bertin's man that it was Monsieur le Comte's wish that he should do so.

"Ah, Joseph, this is good of you," said de Fournier. "It is a pleasure, Monsieur le Comte," said Joseph, lighting the candles in the spacious wainscoted chamber, where he had already set the logs burning on the hearth, though the weather was still warm. "If it is permissible, Monsieur le Comte, might I inquire what your programme is for the morrow?"

"It is quite permissible, Joseph; but the details are not quite settled. Touching Mademoiselle Mathilde, Monsieur and Madame Bertin have a plan, which Monsieur Bertin tells me the duke indorses, should it prove agreeable to the parties most

concerned. If the friendly proposal is what I suspect, the parties most concerned are quite likely to approve, and with pleasure."

"And yourself, Monsieur le Comte; how do you propose to maintain your freedom? Every man engaged in the rescue of last night, noble or simple, will henceforth hold his life in his hands, be assured."

"You think so?"

"I am sure, monsieur; as sure as fate, within the next twenty-four hours it will be a crime to be noble, and penal to shelter the noblesse from arrest. How much more shall it be fatal to one who has been championed in his escape from the newly-formed convention, and from the councilors of the Hôtel de Ville—championed, monsieur, and released, with slaughter of the officers of the government, civil and military!"

"Joseph, you speak like an orator."

"Nay, Monsieur le Comte, I speak what I know. I keep my ears open; I see with my eyes. I have spoken with the men of the National Guard. Monsieur should put on a disguise."

"What! become a field laborer, with our Swiss allies?" said de Fournier, laughing.

"No, monsieur; there are other disguises. And it is not wise that the duke should return to the château; and surely mademoiselle should remain under the protection of Monsieur Bertin—though even this place will not always be safe. Monsieur Bertin will have to answer for last night's work."

"Joseph, your kind heart magnifies our danger."

"Not so, monsieur," said Joseph. "Bethink you of what I have said."

### XIX.

THE DUKE IS OBSTINATE—AND BRAVE.

MONSIEUR BERTIN'S house was unusually busy the next day, after the unexpected arrival of the guests from the Château de Louvet. The news went round with the early morning rolls and coffee that the *déjeuner* would be what in England would be called a wedding breakfast. It was resolved, with general consent, that Mathilde and de Fournier should be married. The



Bertins, as long as there was any record thereof, had maintained a chaplain in the house. The altar of his little chapel, in the north wing of the old mansion, was never without a choice display of flowers; and on this morning of a sudden and impressive ceremony, exotics from the glass-house and wild flowers from the fields and woods had a combined share in its decoration.

Given away by her father, blessed by the church, and leaning upon the arm of her husband, Mathilde, Comtesse de Fournier sat down to breakfast with as good and loyal a company as ever toasted bride and bridegroom—a company that afterward gave themselves over to their affairs with the valor and precaution of men whose devotion to the throne of France had jeopardized their lives and estates. The flight of Lafayette from the army and the advance of the enemy toward Verdun had given an unhappy inutility to the meeting at St. Germain. It was seen that the promise of relief from without, if not quickly redeemed with success, must tend to the overthrow of the royal family. The news from the château, and the ill-advised action of Monsieur Bertin and his friends—for so Monsieur Bertin's other guests regarded it—created a division of opinion among them. It cut off, as all admitted, any possibility of negotiation with Marat, Danton, or any other of the patriots with whom an accommodation might otherwise have been arranged. Incorruptible as Robespierre undoubtedly was touching a possible bribe of money, he was believed to be susceptible to the flattery of overtures from the king, and he had aspirations for the hand of the daughter of the Duc d'Orleans. But for any one known to have been associated with the attack on the escort of de Fournier, all doors to the rulers of the convention or the chiefs of the Hôtel de Ville were closed. So it was resolved that each man should seek his own safety or risk his own neck in his own way. While the bride was dressing for a journey to the scene of her honeymoon several of Monsieur Bertin's guests started for the coast, hoping to reach England. The two Delaunys made their dispositions for joining the patriots of La Vendée. M. de la Galetierre and Monsieur Bertin remained at St. Germain, trusting, in case of need, to the hiding-places of the old mansion and to other retreats. M. de la Galetierre had a wife in St. Germain, only newly married, and she was in no condition to travel, supposing their departure from St. Germain, where they had taken up their abode on the family estate of the de la Galetierres, had been thought wise or desirable.

After joyfully witnessing the marriage of his daughter and the gallant young Count de Fournier, and being present at their private departure, by way of a rarely used exit from the grounds of the Bertin mansion, for a safe and sweet retreat beyond the forest of St. Germain, the Duke de Louvet insisted upon returning to the château.

"It is most unwise," said Monsieur Bertin.

"Let us beg of you to remain," urged Madame; "we will send our own carriage for Madame la Duchesse."

"I regret to deny myself the pleasure you would give us, Madame," said the duke. "At some future day it would be a delight to accept your hospitality. Believe me, I am more than grateful for the generous consideration you have shown to our daughter. Madame, I have no words to thank you."

"The pleasure is ours, Monsieur le Duc; it would be enhanced if we could induce you to remain."

"Thank you, Madame Bertin, with all my heart; but it may not be."

In the end they had to give way, and the old family chariot of the de Louvets set out, with its postillions in their well-worn saddles and Joseph in his familiar seat, the duke the only passenger.

The postillions, by their own notion, kept clear of the high road whenever they could. Near the ruins of the Lion d'Or they were stopped by a mounted company of the National Guard.

"I am returning to my house," said the duke, in answer to the demands of the officer commanding.

"Monsieur will permit my men to accompany him."

"On what grounds?" asked the duke.

"In fulfillment of orders," said the officer.

"By all means obey your orders," said the duke. "Yours is an honorable escort. It would ill become one who has worn his country's uniform in active service to reject it."

It was, therefore, with an armed guard that the duke continued his journey. His naturally high spirits were somewhat damped at sight of the ruins of the Lion d'Or, though it in no wise weakened his resolution nor shook the determination he had expressed at St. Germain.

Arrived at the château, he found a sentinel at his gates, and as he entered the house he encountered the Deputy Grébaulval.

"You have honored my house in my absence,

Monsieur Grébaulval. Permit me to express my regret that I was not at home to receive you."

"In your absence you have been well represented, monsieur," said Grébaulval. "Madame is a woman of judgment and discretion. When favors are sued for, a petticoat has the advantage of her sex."

"Madame la Duchesse makes friends where I should not look for them, Monsieur le Député. I am glad to know that in this she is discreet."

"You may thank Madame," said Grébaulval, "that you may still rest here. At the same time I require your parole as a gentleman that you remain within the château's boundaries. To this extent Madame's influence saves you from harder lodgings."

"Madame la Duchesse shall explain to me," said the duke.

"Your daughter, monsieur?" said Grébaulval.

"Will return. It was not her intention, any more than mine, to quit the château, except for my hotel in Paris."

"Of that the chief of police is well aware; otherwise she would have been included in the warrants of arrest of Monsieur Bertin's marauding party for crimes as atrocious as they were unwise."

"Crime seems to be epidemic just now, from all I hear," said the duke; "but you only do us justice in absolving myself and family from the general madness. The Count de Fournier was innocent of any intention to attempt his rescue. He bowed to the law, and relinquished his sword. Monsieur Bertin was hurried into hostilities, and—"

"Monsieur de Fournier rode off with the assassins who shot down the faithful servants of the nation and released their legally arrested prisoner," said Grébaulval impatiently, interrupting the duke.

"It is true; I may not deny it; but he will return in good time, I make no doubt."

"He must return at once; his good time may not be the good time of the convention."

"I am not his keeper," said the duke.

"There is no more to be said, monsieur," replied Grébaulval, beckoning a soldier who held his horse at some distance down the drive to the château. "I have your word that should the convention desire your presence in Paris you will be found at the château."

"I shall always honor the call of France."

The duke found his wife in a state of great agitation.

"Georges," she said, as he entered her boudoir, "Oh Georges, tout est perdu! But, oh, I am glad you have returned."

"Thank you, my dear," said the duke.

Such a tender passage as this had not passed between them for years. The duke actually conducted his wife to a seat and kissed her.

"I met the deputy at the door," he said.

"He is our saviour, Georges—our saviour!"

"You are distressed—I am sorry," said the duke.

"And Mathilde, where is she?"

"At St. Germain, under the protection of Monsieur Bertin."

"A sorry protection! He is proscribed; he is charged with murder. And the count?"

"With Mathilde, also under the protection of Monsieur Bertin."

It occurred to the duke that it might be well not at present to mention the marriage at which he had been so joyful a witness.

"He, too, alas! our unhappy Henri," said the duchess. "He is proscribed also; if he is taken he will go to La Force or the Conciergerie. My dear Georges, the prisons are crowded with our misguided friends! Oh, where will it all end?"

"Be calm, my dear, be calm; we should have no cause to fear. Henri will not dishonor his name; and our child's future is in the hands of God, without whose will, we are told, not even a sparrow is allowed to fall."

"Georges, if ever you loved me do not anger Monsieur le Député Grébaulval, who is also a judge—"

"In Israel?" said the duke, smiling.

"For heaven's sake do not mock! For us he is France; for us he is life and death. If not for yourself, have mercy upon me—upon Mathilde. What has happened in Paris is nothing to what is to come; and there is no escape—the barriers are closed, no one is allowed to leave without a pass, and not a single member of any noble family may obtain one without an influence that, if suspected, would be at the risk of even an ordinary citizen's life. Oh, Georges, you say you did love me once, and there is the sweet binding link of our child—our only child. For her sake, then, if not for mine, curb your tongue; let discretion temper your courage. I pray you on my knees!" And she sank at his feet in a passion of sobs.

"Nay, then, my dear, I give you my word it grieves me to think you should deem it necessary to kneel. Rise!" He bent over her with something like tender emotion; and as she rose to her feet all, distraught, her eyes filled with tears, he embraced her with the added words of comfort: "My dear heart, I place myself under your orders. Can I say more?"

Beyond this scene there is nothing more to report of the incident of the duke's return. The days went by with feverish notes of rumor and a stolid surveillance of the château.

## XX.

## UNDER RED PINIONS.

THE Cupid that presided over the loves of Mathilde de Louvet and Henri, Count de Fournier, and of Jaffray Ellicott and Marie Bruyset was the Asmodeo of Le Sage rather than the winged infant of Ovid.

In deference to the worship of classical and mythological deities, under the chiefs of the French Revolution the god of love assumed as many shapes as the ancients gave him.

Entering into the spirit of the mad fancies of the time, one might imagine Paris as having sworn allegiance to the son of Nox and Erebus, not to the ingenious offspring of Jupiter and Venus. He was mostly a malignant spirit that held sway when *Gardes Françaises* and *Gardes Nationales*, *dames des halles*, and triumphant sansculottes raged and drummed, and spiked the guns of abolished royalty.

And yet he was not all malice, not all Asmodeo, not all devilish, this demon of mythical power. Once in a way he put on the wings of purity and breathed the breath of love into the most forlorn lives that were beating against the bars of La Force, the Abbaye, and the Conciergerie. Now and then, his white pinions stained with the blood of poor, persecuted humanity, he assisted heaven's own angels to rob assassination of its terrors.

There were glints of sunlight between the shadows, intervals of country that were spared the worst crimes of the Revolution, stray villages that escaped the ravages of war. And even in Paris there were humble garrets and out-of-the-way abodes where a certain close imitation of quiet and repose and happiness held almost uninterrupted sway. Jaffray Ellicott's tablets gave the home of Madame Laroche, in the Rue Barnabé, as his most habitual retreat during the hours when his services were not required in the office of his patron and employer. Madame was a patient drudge, as we know—an industrious, unimaginative Frenchwoman, who spent her time between the market and her kitchen, and who cared not who occupied the palace of the Tuileries, so long as she had money enough to keep her suite of rooms going, and Laroche was in a reasonably good temper.

Jaffray had taken the hint of Marie Bruyset, Madame's step-daughter, to make friends with Laroche's "grass-widow,"—for Laroche had not been heard of since he took his leave of Marie. No word, no sign of him, either in the Rue Barnabé or at his official rendezvous in the ante-room or office of the Deputy Grébaulval.

The young Anglo-American spent much more time in the garret of Marie Bruyset than in the rooms of Madame Laroche; and Marie had, moreover, become quite friendly with her. Originally, as we know, Marie had taken her father's second marriage as an offense, and it hurt her to see how much better he treated her step-mother than he had treated his first wife, Marie's devoted and miserable mother. But Marie was young, and youth is easily consoled. Madame encouraged Jaffray's visits, and neither blamed nor praised, nor noticed, indeed, how frequently a short visit to her meant a long one to Marie, in the little miniature painter's garret.

Marie and Jaffray often sat for the hour together, late and early, talking of everything under the sun—Jaffray's childhood and Marie's artistic ambition, Jaffray's father and mother, and Marie's hopes and fears for the de Louvets. The tocsin boomed, the drums beat, but Marie drew the blinds and lighted her lamp, and love made for them a selfish, sensuous music of its own, none the less sweet for the harsh sounds without, none the less delightful for the occasional impulse of fear that came and went with the dallying hours.

Moreover, every parting was an adieu; for who could say when they might meet again? So every parting was a lovers' farewell, the tender caresses of which were worth every peril short of death itself.

The interval of comparative inaction that followed the double escape of Jaffray Ellicott and the Count de Fournier was marked by varied turns of fortune's wheel and against the persons in whom we are most interested. Simon the printer, who began the work of mischief in the Rue Barnabé, had ignominiously dropped out of the running. Poor Jean, whose loyalty had been more than half suspected, had lost his life through his devotion to the man who had doubted him. It may possibly be that Jean's lot was the best. His troubles were over. Many a man and woman had cause to envy him within a brief day or two. Pierre Grappin was ruined, but he had the consolation of a stroke of vengeance upon the pompous commissary of police and his arrogant officer, and the enlargement of the liberty of his friend, the count, besides hopes of something further in those directions

when he should have recovered his health and strength. He was a ruined man, it was true; but he was already on the way to poverty before the fire, and the Lion d'Or was not his property, though its contents belonged to him, and he much regretted the loss of his stock of wines, some of which were of famous vintages.

For the time being, perhaps, de Fournier and Mathilde were the happiest of our little company. Within four-and-twenty hours of their arrival at St. Germain they were launched into the bliss of an unexpected honeymoon. Monsieur Bertin conducted them to a country house in an out-of-the-way corner of an estate between St. Germain and Liseaux—a small farm, far from the main road, in the valley of a tiny stream that made its way through woods and forest and meadow lands to the Seine. It was a quaint old cottage, mostly built of wood, with thick-timbered floors that exhaled the scent of pine and beeswax. An old man and his wife and one servant, a farm hand, were the only occupants. They had been placed there by a philanthropic relative of Monsieur Bertin, to whom they were devoted. Their farm consisted of a few acres, which they cultivated themselves, the produce going chiefly to Monsieur Bertin's residence at St. Germain.

At the time of year which an eccentric fate had selected for the honeymoon of de Fournier and Mathilde, the Hermitage, as the farm was called, was at its best. The little orchard was laden with fruit. A small patch of wheat was heavy with golden grain. In the adjacent wood and about the natural hedges, and on the slopes of the banks of the stream that ran by the meadow, where a couple of cows chewed the cud in calm content, many kinds of flowers grew. The wild scabious, the white and pink convolvuli, and the blue campanula were common. A cluster of fading summer blossoms still enriched the honeysuckle-bush that spread its branches over the cottage porch, and there were roses in a tangle of red and white among the lavender and old-fashioned herbs that fringed the kitchen-garden with its beets and potatoes, its parsnips and vegetable marrows, its celery and beans—some of the latter in flower, others thick with seed-pods for the coming spring.

What a gracious time it was! Monsieur Bertin and the duke conspired to lift the shadows of the Revolution from the temporary home of the occupants of the Hermitage. Monsieur Bertin sent scraps of news by a trusty messenger, and visited the farm himself. Joseph had corrupted his friend, the National Guard—not with gold or rations of wine and meat, but with reminiscences of their boyish days—to the extent of being, on occasion, willfully blind and deaf, and permitting Joseph, in a queer disguise, to pass out of the château grounds unchallenged. Joseph, whenever he desired to ride, managed to have a certain little cob, saddled and ready, at a certain habitation embowered with trees and out of the way of traffic. He carried messages between the château and the Hermitage that excused de Fournier for remaining in his pleasant hiding-place. The days went by, one by one, with soft, dreamy autumn evenings and mornings of tranquil calm. The little patch of wheat was cut and bound in sheaves, the roses began to scatter their red and white petals upon the garden path, the sun set earlier every day, autumn brooded over the forest, and, with sadder notes of news that began to make discord in its harmony, the honeymoon began to wane. Mathilde feared for her father's life and her mother's already limited liberty.

On a false scent, Laroche had followed the Delaunys, to hark back again to the neighborhood of St. Germain, where he had succeeded in surprising M. de la Galetierre, who had been added to the list of prisoners in the Conciergerie. Monsieur Bertin's house was under strict surveillance. Every nook and corner had been searched, Madame and her daughters interrogated and threatened. Joseph had been able to convey this painful intelligence to the count, and with it news from Paris that fulfilled the worst forecast of the Duchesse de Louvet. A battalion of the National Guard, with a municipal officer at its head, under the authority of the Revolutionary tribunal, had made domiciliary visits in a circuit of six leagues in and around Paris; and the new machine, henceforth to be known as the guillotine, had practiced upon its first political victim, d'Anglemont, his crime being that he was an agent of the court. Laporte came next, and the third martyr to duty was the Baron Bachmont, commandant of the Swiss Guard, by whose side de Fournier had made his last stand amidst the butchery of the Tuileries.

"It is not possible that you can remain in this place," said Joseph to the count, when Mathilde had left them alone for a few minutes on this last day of his hazardous visit.

"What do you advise, Joseph?" asked de Fournier.

"If Monsieur le Comte will feel it no dishonor to put on the disguise I have brought him from



Monsieur Bertin's, and Madame la Comtesse will condescend to make such change in her attire as the woman of the Hermitage may assist la Comtesse to arrange, then we shall ride through the forest of Evrieux, where he makes no doubt the widow Stainton will receive you. I have brought a valise with the attire of a merchant for Monsieur le Comte, and I have two good horses besides the gray mare I rode from the château, the horses provided by Monsieur Bertin's groom."

"You advise this?"

"It is Monsieur Bertin's advice, and I approve it, monsieur, entirely."

"And when do we set forth?"

"At once, monsieur."

"Very well, Joseph; come then and let us see our masquerading costume. And you, my friend, what will you wear?"

"I make no change, Monsieur le Comte. I attend you with discretion to be of your company, monsieur, or not, as occasion may require. I have a written permit that assigns me a commission of importance by order of the Commune," said Joseph, a smile hovering for a moment over his serious face.

It was already nine o'clock when the bride and bridegroom had donned their bourgeois habits and announced themselves as ready to start. Mathilde looked none the less attractive in her old-fashioned woolen cloak and hood, and her curious tall hat. The count wore his mouse-colored long frock coat and embroidered waistcoat, his three-cornered hat, and his top-boots with an air that did not make the new clothes very much of a disguise.

There was a moon, now and then obscured by clouds. De Fournier went to the door. The silence was profound.

"Bring your horses, Joseph."

"They are at the gate, monsieur."

"I forget whether you said you had seen Monsieur Bertin, or only had his instructions second hand?"

"I did not see monsieur, but madame expressed his wishes. There are many servants in the mansion, and it is difficult to know whom one may trust. Madame only trusts herself."

"And you, Joseph?"

"Oh, yes; certainly," Joseph replied. "I am privileged."

"I will go and see if madame is ready," said the count. "The light has gone from her chamber. I hope we may relight it, Joseph, in this same old house. It is not necessary to live in a palace to be happy, Joseph."

"I hope not, monsieur," Joseph replied.

An hour later the honeymoon had waned to entire eclipse. From the Hermitage, with a smouldering fire that made a flickering light on the parlor windows, bride and bridegroom passed out into the night.

(To be continued.)

## Urban Dialogues—V.

"LATE, as usual, Jack," said Mrs. Dayton, in that cordially intimate way she has, as I joined the little group in front of the blazing logs in the huge fire-place in the hall. Mrs. Dayton is my mother's youngest school-friend, and always calls me "Jack." I like it so much better than "Mr. Oliver," which seems to stand one off at arms'-length from anything like intimacy.

"It wasn't my fault," I pleaded, taking her hand. "My box was late from the station, and I couldn't get down before."

"It is all right," she said pleasantly. "Hal isn't down either, so we'll have to wait anyhow." Hal is her husband, a rattling good fellow, whose nerve on the "Street" makes possible his wife's charming country house and many other expensive and delightful non-essentials. I had greeted all the members of the little fireside group, except one tall, good-looking girl who stood a little apart, talking with "Sandy" Hale. I was wondering who she could be, when, as if in answer to my thought, Mrs. Dayton exclaimed: "How stupid of me! I forgot you didn't know Edith Day. Edith, let me present Mr. Oliver; he's one of my boys, you know," she said in that indescribable manner of hers that gives a feeling of assurance to all with whom she comes in contact. And in a moment I was talking with all my might to the tall girl, and Mrs. Dayton, with one of her clever little manoeuvres, was walking off with Hale, who, such was her skill, really imagined he wanted to go.

"You've been abroad some time, haven't you?" I remarked, after we had steered through the usual commonplaces, a little quicker than usual, I thought.

"Not recently," she replied; "not since I was a child. But you have," she added, smiling and tapping her foot on the brass fender.

"How do you know?" I said, rather surprised and a little curious.

"Oh, I know," she laughed. "And I can tell you where you spent most of your time."

"You're a fortune-teller or some sort of a seer."

"No; better than that."

"What?"

"An observer."

"Pray, what have you observed?"

"You won't mind?" This with a delightful lifting of very long eye-lashed lids.

"Mind? Not at all."

"You said box instead of trunk when you first came in and spoke to Mrs. Dayton."

"What does that signify?" I asked, somewhat nettled.

"It signifies heaps and heaps of England. There, I knew you wouldn't like it," she said.

"But I don't mind in the least," and neither did I, for her voice was as gay and as sweet as a lark's, and the little slipped foot on the fender was adorable. "You must tell me, though, how you knew," I went on.

"Oh, I have a brother whom papa very foolishly let go to Oxford, and to this day he calls clerk 'clark,' talks about tram-cars, and spells wagon with two g's. So you see I know the symptoms of anglomania well."

"Your brother isn't Guy Day, is he?" said I, with one of those lightning mental processes that are so unexplainable.

"Yes; he's the guy," she laughed out, and I with her.

"Why, he's from Chicago."

"So am I," she said with a mock meekness.

"You?" I glanced down covertly at the fender; the tiny foot was withdrawn discreetly under the silken skirt.

"Yes; I. And why not?" she questioned, demurely.

"Oh, I—I—of course—yes," I stammered, the rudeness of my ejaculated "you!" coming to me with full force.

"You're like the rest."

"The rest?" said I with vagueness.

"Yes; you have the same stupid, Eastern idea that all New-Yorkers have. You read the so-called funny columns in the newspapers too much." There was a hopeless resignation in her voice that roused me to a sort of protest.

"Chicago brings it on herself, with her blatant blowing about her population, and her incorrigible and provincial bumpiousness."

"Oh, one finds provincial bumpiousness the world over," said Miss Day, I thought a trifle coldly, but she was even handsomer so than in her bantering mood.

At this moment Hal Dayton came breezily into the hall and Mrs. Dayton bade us move with all haste toward the dining-room. I offered my arm amicably to the Chicago girl, and as she took it I remembered with keen delight that I had forgotten to ask Polly Ransom to dance the cotillon that night.

LOUIS EVAN SHIPMAN.

## A Steamboat Race on the Mississippi.

THE balcyon days of steamboating on the Mississippi have long gone by. Before the railroads had reached out and cobwebbed the country with their iron threads the great river was the highway of commerce for all the wide valley through which it flows. Then rivalry was fierce, and competing lines strove to have the fastest steamers and to make the quickest time. Under such conditions it happened that races were of frequent occurrence; and that they were exciting, any one who has been an inter-

ested passenger will bear witness. As a rule the passengers became as keenly interested in the progress of the racing boats as the officers themselves, and considerable sums of money were sometimes wagered as to the result. Nor did the disasters, involving loss of life and property, which occasionally attended these races, seriously check the dangerous rivalries of competing lines.

With the advent of the railroads the river trade declined, and for a few years almost went out of existence. But in quite recent years there has been a decided revival in steamboat traffic, and each season sees new steamers placed in the trade. For the most part these packets are smaller than the regular liners, and ply only in a local traffic—that is, a round trip is made every day, or every two days, between the home port and towns lying at convenient distances. This local development of trade has proven so profitable that competition and rivalry have again arisen in some degree. It is not infrequent that the territory held undisturbed by one steamer for several years is invaded by a second line. Then comes an effort, on the one side to hold the trade and on the other to gain it, which sometimes leads to such a scene as is shown in the illustration.

FRANCIS M. FULTZ.

## Will the New Woman Be Nervous?

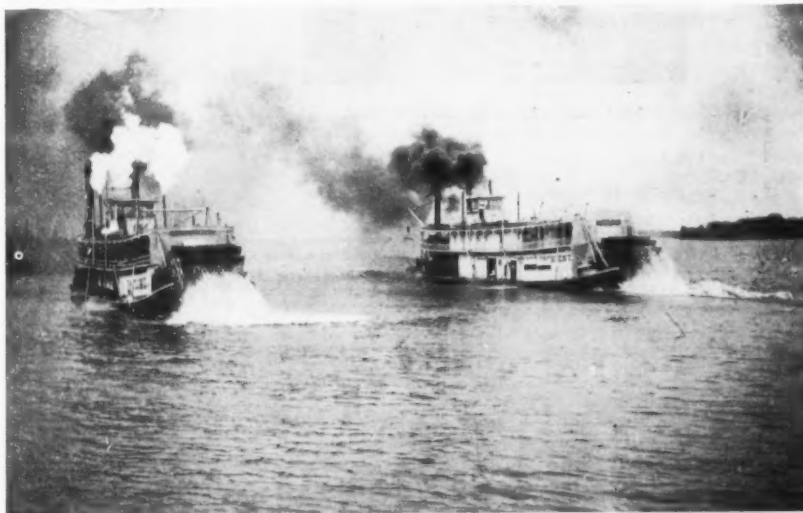
AN important question truly to all concerned, the "all concerned" including men. Because to a robust man a nervous woman is a problem. Like a cup of rare china, nice to possess, but to be handled with care lest it go to pieces. Sometimes incidents, however trivial, answer questions, or at least hint at answers.

It was nearly train time, and the little room at the station was too close for breathing. Two women stood outside, waiting for the baggage-man to come and check their trunks. One was elderly. In an anxious, querulous tone she said: "Suppose he doesn't get here in time; what will we do?"

"It is just as easy to suppose he will." This philosophical reply came with a firm voice from the lips of a trim young woman. She had a certain alert, up-to-date air.

The baggage-man came strolling along with the leisurely manner of country officials, conscious that not more than a half-dozen pieces would await his attention. "I declare, I've left them keys!" and back he went at a brisker pace. Renewed anxiety on the part of the older woman; renewed nonchalance on the part of the younger. Of course the man returned in time; even he was not so stupid as to risk his official head.

One swallow does not make a summer. No; but what about two? Some great event was celebrated by fireworks. From public squares and private grounds they blazed all over the city. On one bit of lawn there seemed a perfect fusillade of cannon-crackers. Everybody knows that cannon-crackers do such things as to blow off fingers, put out eyes, and such like trifles if one goes too near. From the far depths of a wide piazza the elderly female, this time a maiden aunt, called out: "Do, please, come in out of danger." And the daring niece answered, in words almost identical with those overheard at the station: "Wouldn't it be just as easy, auntie, to think there isn't any danger?" The girl flung back a bright smile, but she stayed where she was.



A STEAMBOAT RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI—Photograph by F. M. Fultz.

Here is what might be called a coincidence. It suggests the question and attempts to answer it. Is the new woman to be free from nervousness? Will she get rid of that curse? Instead of "going to pieces" at a hint of inconvenience or danger, will she be cool and level-headed; more a comrade, more comfortable to live with, though not so much like precious china?

Or is the difference only that the new woman is young, and the old woman is—old?

HELEN A. HAWLEY.

## People Talked About.

—THE death of General Mahone removes from Washington one of the most picturesque personalities ever known at the national capital—a diminutive man with a foot as small as a girl's and a head topped with a sombrero that dwarfed it and left nothing of the face to view but the piercing eyes and the immense cigar protruding from the mouth; a dandy with frilled shirt and cuffs and with the neatest of boots, but a man devoid of fear and of the keenest of minds. As a soldier, Lee valued him as one of the best of generals, and as a politician he dominated Washington during his career there as Senator, and left public life the best hated of men. General Mahone had many of the characteristics of the old-time Virginian, but, as a matter of fact, there was not a drop of Virginian blood in his veins. He was a pure-blooded Irishman.

—A brave little New York woman, the widow of a burglar who died in the state-prison a few years ago, is to-day a thriving dealer in cosmetics and an accomplished face masseuse. She was left destitute by her husband's imprisonment, and after a season of despair began to study with a famous skin doctor. She became thoroughly acquainted with the arts and mysteries of the profession, learned to apply massage to the treatment of the complexion, invented several creams and lotions, and to-day numbers among her customers many leading society women of New York, as well as Kendal, Melba, and Patti, who sends for her to make a professional visit to Craigynos once a year.

—The reappearance on the stage of Madame Janauschek, who is now sixty-three years old, is one of the interesting events of the present dramatic season, for it is almost a generation since she came to America to continue the successes she had made in Europe. Madame Janauschek is a native of Prague, and made her debut in a small Austrian town when she was only sixteen. Speedy advancement made her the leading lady of the Frankfort Stadt Theatre, and during a stay of eleven years there she gained an international celebrity. She began her first American tour in 1867. Madame Janauschek is now a resident of Brooklyn.

—Although it is thirty-four years since he was made a brigadier-general, and more than forty since he began to hold official position, General Schofield regards himself as still comparatively a young man, and views his retirement with a certain degree of pleasure. For the first time since his boyhood he becomes a private citizen, and the sense of freedom in it has many charms for him. He expects to travel in Europe, and is meditating a tour of the world. At Memphis, recently, General Schofield had his first photograph taken in the uniform of a lieutenant-general, and it does full justice to his handsome physique and soldierly bearing.

—The favorite home of General Simon Bolivar Buckner is the little log-house in the Kentucky hills in which he was born. From the day that he left the army of the Confederacy he has spent all his available time there. The cabin is perhaps a hundred years old, and it is seventy-three years since General Buckner first saw the light of day there. The town to which it is nearest is Munfordsville, and no other house is in sight. Though handsomely furnished in an antique way, there are no hangings to hide the logs. Perhaps the most interesting article in the house is the pistol with which Burr killed Hamilton.

—Among the things that impress Minister Bayard in London, as related by him to a British interviewer, are the absence of artificiality in society and the democracy that prevails in out-door life. As an instance of this, he was rowed about at Henley by a waterman who smoked a short black pipe, as did another passenger in the little boat. When they reached shore the other passenger revealed himself as a clergyman—a dean at least. On the other hand, the interviewer was visibly impressed by the abundance of heirlooms and family portraits in the American minister's house.

—It is rather edifying to learn that with all his keenness in laying bare the foibles and vanities of other people, Ibsen is himself a great deal of a dandy. He is always to be seen on fine days in the fashionable promenade of Christiania, dressed smartly in broadcloth and immaculate linen and wearing the latest fad in gloves or neckties, while about him there is the conscious air of being "somebody." The great playwright is not an Adonis, however. He is too short and thickset for that, but there is an appearance of power in him as he walks.

—The only surviving general officer of the Grand Army of the Tennessee is General O. O. Howard, known almost universally as the Christian Soldier. It was the boast of General Howard's friends that he never drank a drop of liquor nor uttered a profane word during his military career, and it is interesting to note that of recent years he has taken an active part in the work of the Salvation Army.





THE TRANSPORTATION BUILDING.

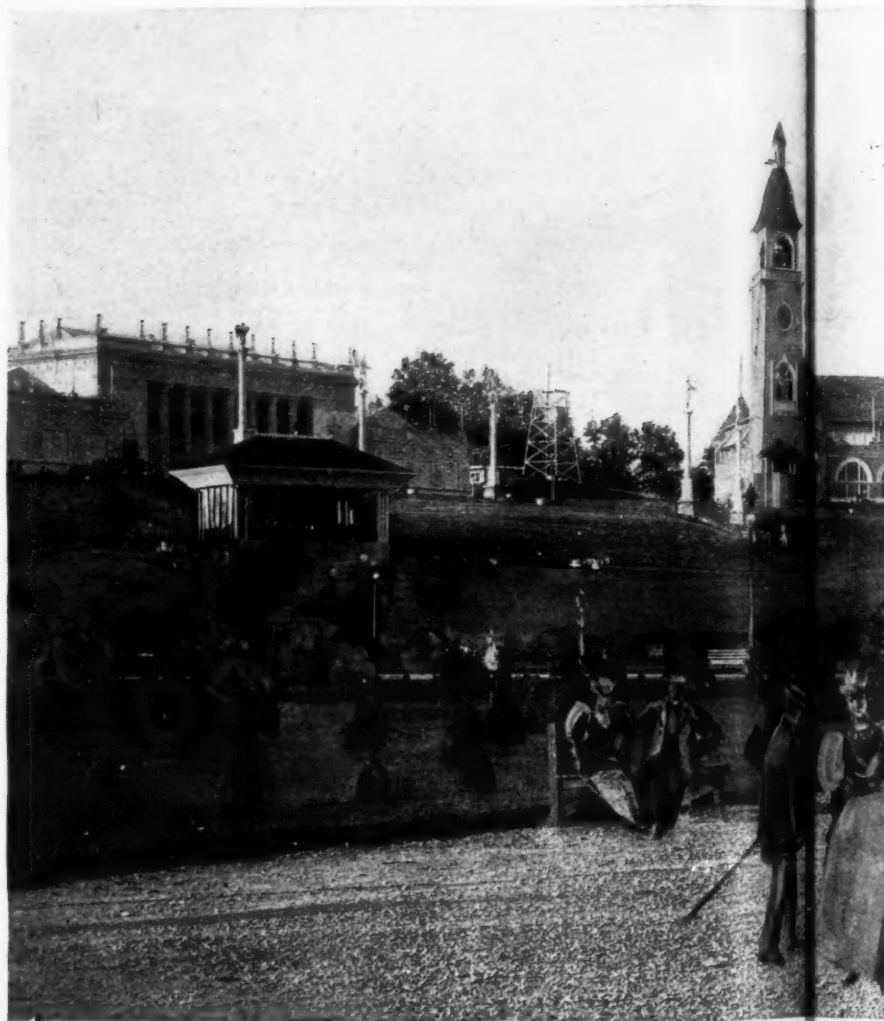


Fine Arts Building.

THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.  
Chimes. Govern



THE COSTA RICA BUILDING.



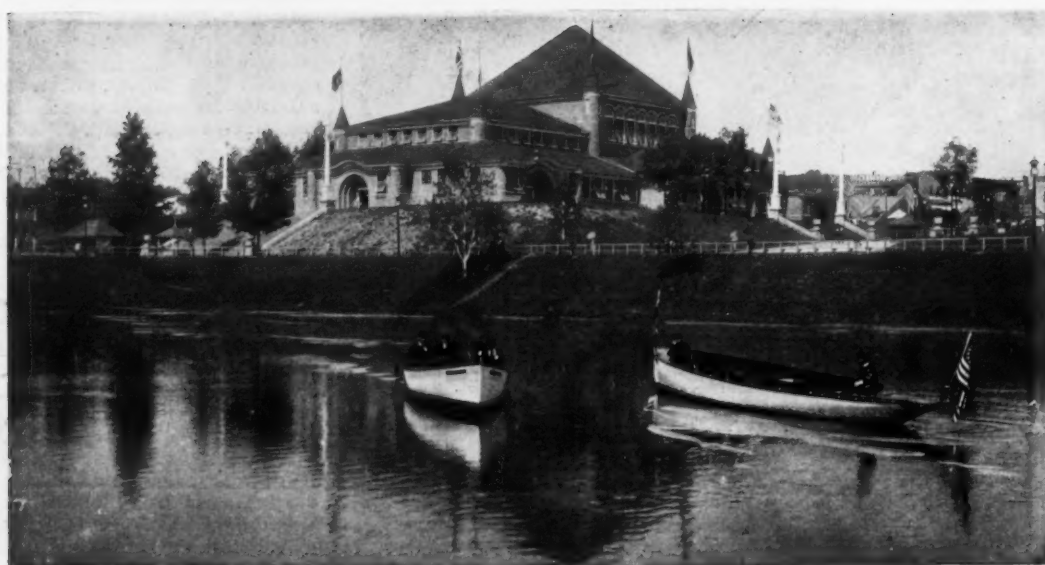
VIEW FROM THE TOWER



THE FIRE BUILDING—AN ALARM.



THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING.



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



INDIAN VILLAGE ON THE MIDWAY.

THE COTTON STATES AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION AT ATLANTA.





THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.

Chimes. Government Building and Grand Stairway.



THE GOVERNMENT BUILDING.



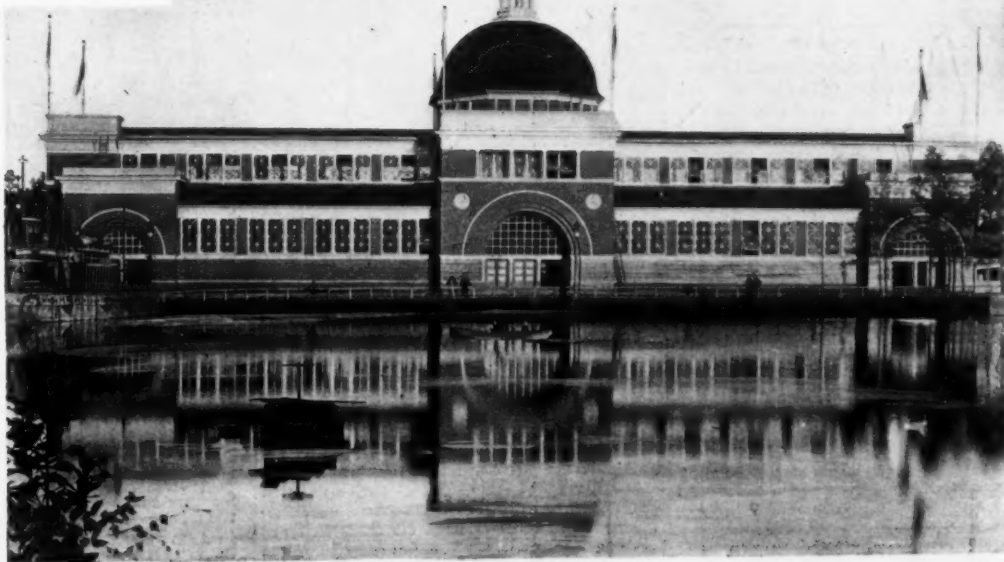
VIEW FROM THE PLAZA.



INTERIOR OF THE FINE ARTS BUILDING.



THE MEXICAN VILLAGE ON THE MIDWAY.



THE ELECTRICITY BUILDING.



## THE SCIENCE OF COOKERY.

A MAN of most liberal cultivation was recently heard to say that he wished that he was not fastidious as to his eating, because then he could always satisfy his appetite for food and never be made unhappy by the vile cooking which all of us come across now and again, and which we must put up with or starve. Unfortunately the taste for good eating is educated and developed along with other forms of enlightenment, and a man who can be content merely with the victuals which will preserve life cannot possibly lay claim to a well-rounded and completed cultivation. This is no suggestion that every man of cultivation must be what we understand as an epicure, a gourmet, a *bon vivant*; indeed, in an appreciation of well and artistically-cooked food there is nothing in the least incompatible with the doctrine of plain living and high thinking of the semi-ascetic transcendentalists who have given a tone and a value to New England literature. This, however, must not by any means be construed as indorsing the ordinary New England cuisine, which is not always, by any means, of the best. However this may be, there is one thing sure, that no matter how fastidious a man may be as to his food, there is no reason in the world why in New York he should spend any time in repining over his own good taste, for in New York, if a man but knows whither to turn his steps, he can breakfast, dine, and sup every day in the year as sumptuously or as plainly as his taste or appetite inclines him, and at each meal have set before him dishes, the artistic excellence of which would have shamed the far-famed cooks of the luxurious Lucullus.

Indeed, New York has long been celebrated for the excellence of its restaurants and hotels, and though these establishments, when of the first class, get their head cooks from France, the skill of these men always expands in this newer world, where there is at once a greater abundance and a greater variety of food for them to practice their beautiful art upon. In telling about four of our exponents of artistic cooking there is no intention to disparage the accomplishments of the other great chefs in the metropolis, and not at present mentioned; these four are selected because they are men who as head cooks are representative of what is the best in their profession—a profession which often commands a higher compensation than the presidency of a college or university.



GUSTAVE NOUVEL.

Mr. Gustave Nouvel, chef of the Hoffman House, was born in Bretagne, France, some fifty years ago. His father and mother conducted two hotels in Bretagne, Hôtel de France and Hôtel du Cheval Blanc; and it was in these establishments that the son took his first lessons in cooking. In 1855 he was apprenticed to a pastry cook at Nantes; then he went to Paris and served as assistant to the chefs of various high nobles and royal notabilities. By 1860 he had become a head cook, and so he has remained for thirty-five years, serving at hotels in Toulouse, Bordeaux, Nantes, and Paris. In 1868 he went to Halifax as steward of the officers' mess of a crack English regiment. There it was that the idea of remaining in America took possession of him, so he came to New York in 1870, and here he has since remained. During this quarter of a century he has had charge of the kitchens of the Merchants' and Union clubs, of the Dakota flats, and the Hoffman House. He has been for ten years president of the "Society Cosmopolitan Culinair," and part proprietor of the journals *L'Art Culinaire Americain* and *La Cuisine*. His colleagues respect him as a master of his art, who has always contributed to the success and the fame of the house in which he has been responsible for the cuisine. The writer asked Mr. Nouvel for the recipe of one of his favorite entrées, and he kindly supplied these directions for "Supreme of Spring Chicken à la Castagliano," which is served cold. He says:

"Boil the breasts of six spring chickens. When cold, cut them into the form of cutlets and cover them with a white chafroid and decorate them with truffles. Then place them in cutlet moulds. Have besides a mould *en dome* covered with jelly, which you decorate with truffles and asparagus tips. Fill this mould with fonds of artichokes, asparagus tips, and truffles laid with a mayonnaise russe. Make one fond of rice decorated à la nonpareil with cream of rice. On the centre have another fond of rice the size of the salad which is placed on it. Then place the breast *en turban* and garnish with jelly

cut in small pieces. Place on the dome a bouquet of asparagus tips. Serve sauce *verte bien relevée*."

This is a dish which will be of more interest, no doubt, to French cooks from Paris than those from Cork and Tipperary.



ADRIEN GENU.

Mr. Adrien Genu, chef of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, has been something of a traveler, and has lived in many cities, in each one of which it was his privilege to make men glad with his skill in cookery. Born in France in 1849, he served his apprenticeship in the great Pâtisserie of Julien Frères, Place de la Bourse, in Paris. After three years he went to the Grand Hotel, where he stayed four years. Now began his pilgrimage half over Europe. For two years he was at the Hotel de Paris, Monaco; then a year at the Grand Hotel in Vienna; then three years at the Grand Hotel in Stockholm; then three at the Grand Hotel Christiania in Norway. During these travels he was continually harking back to Paris, but in 1881 he came to America for good. First at Delmonico's Twenty-sixth Street place, he left there to cook for Mr. Jay Gould, with whom he stayed for nineteen months. It would be interesting to learn what his experience was in this employment, for there is a tradition that the favorite dish of the late Mr. Gould was tripe and onions, but what a chef learns in his business of the tastes of those he serves is privileged information, like that of a lawyer, and he must be as silent as the grave on such a subject. From this place he went to the Brunswick, where he stayed three years, and then he went to the Café Savarin for six years. A year ago he went to the Fifth Avenue, where he is likely to remain during the rest of his active service. Mr. Genu, with characteristic generosity, has supplied two recipes. Here is the one for "Small Tenderloin of Beef à la Chevreuse." He says:

"Cut and trim some small tenderloins one inch thick. Fry them in clarified butter until done, having previously prepared a purée of fresh mushrooms, which you lay on a warm dish. On this you place the tenderloins, and garnish each with four thick slices of truffe cooked with Madeira and beef extract. Add to the gravy a little piece of unsalted butter before dressing."

And here is Mr. Genu's recipe for "Egg Aromatique." He says:

"Take some poached eggs and roll them in flour. After this dip them in whipped eggs and roll again in fine fresh bread-crumbs."

The chef of the Hotel Marlborough, Mr. Jacques Lescarbourea, was born in France, and comes of a family of cooks, his father for his skill in the service of Queen Isabella of Spain having been decorated and made a Chevalier de la Reine. The son started his career at the Hotel Bristol in Paris, and then became an assistant in the Rothschild kitchen. He then served in hotels in Madrid, Rome, Lake Como, Naples, Munich, Ouchy, and Paris. In the latter place he was chef of the famous Café Riche. When he came to New York he went to Delmonico's, and from there to the short-lived Vaudeville Club. Then he went to the Marlborough. The dish Mr. Lescarbourea has described for us is a "Filet Mignon à la d'Artagnan." He says:

"Cut from a tenderloin of beef six slices one inch thick. Fry them in butter quickly on a very hot fire. Place the slices of tenderloin in a dish on top of slices of hominy cut the same size as the filet and fried in butter. Garnish the dish with a bunch of braised celery and six stuffed French artichokes. Take a dozen selected fresh mushrooms. Pour some fresh butter in a pan, throw in the mushrooms and let them cook over a slow fire. When cooked add a half-glass of Madeira wine and two spoonfuls of tomato sauce and reduce for a few minutes. Then pour the mushrooms and the sauce over the tenderloin. Surround the dish with small squares of bread fried in butter and serve very hot."



JACQUES LESCARBOUREA.



CHARLES LALLOUETTE.

Mr. Charles Lallouette, chef of the Buckingham Hotel, is fifty-five years old, and has been in professional harness for forty-two years, as he was only thirteen when he was sent from his native Compiègne to be apprenticed to a pastry cook in Paris. Having served his time he acted as head pastry cook in many of the principal establishments in Paris, and later he was *chef de cuisine* in the Grand Hotel in Paris and several similar houses in Naples, Havre and elsewhere. It was upon the invitation of the cousin of Mr. Charles Ranhofer, now chef at Delmonico's, and with whom he had served in the kitchen of the Empress Eugenie, that he came to America. He worked for a while as chef at Delmonico's, then at the New York Hotel in its palmy days, and then he went to the Buckingham, where he has been for eighteen years. Here is a recipe for a cake—Gâteau Ananas, Guillet style, Mr. Lallouette calls it. He says:

"Have a sponge cake baked in a crown-shaped mould. Have a pineapple cut in dices and cooked in syrup; drain off the dices of pineapple and flavor the syrup with kirsch, and use that syrup to soak the sponge cake. Have a flat, round bottom the size of your cake; set it over."

"Take some whipped cream well drained of the milk and whipped again until very stiff, then add to it some powdered orange sugar and the drained dices of cut pineapple; fill the interior of the crown of your cake, heaping the cream dome-like, and well smoothed with a knife."

"Then prepare an icing flavored with raspberry and colored pink; make it lukewarm, lightly and slowly and carefully spread it over the cake, beginning by the top."

"N. B.—That cake is a specialty of the Maison Guillet, Paris."

And here is another recipe, which we give just as Mr. Lallouette wrote it in his native language:

### FILETS DE SOLE MAGNY.

"Levez les filets d'une ou de plusieurs soles, mettez sur un plat beurré avec échalottes et oignons émincés, ajoutez vin blanc et jus de champignons, haitres crues et moules, sel et poivre, recouvrez d'un peu de beurre, faites partir sur le feu jusqu'à ébullition, couvrez et mettez au four environ cinq ou six minutes pour finir de pocher. Mettez ensuite vos filets sur le plat que vous devez servir, égardez et enlevez le dur des huitres ainsi que la langue et le tour des moules, et mettez les autour des filets de sole, faites une sauce dite normande avec la cuisson. Nappez vos filets avec la sauce et mettez dessus trois ou quatre gros champignons garnis de belles crevettes rouges en piquant la pointe des crevettes pour faire Couronne."

## The Atlanta International Exposition.

THE success of the Cotton States and International Exposition at Atlanta, from the opening of its gates up to the present time, is evidence not only of the reviving prosperity of the land, but also of the wonderful progress, enterprise, and industry of the New South. The beautiful pictures on another page give the reader a fair idea of the ability and high artistic tastes with which the board of directors have consummated their great undertaking. But they cannot give an idea of the magnificent coloring, the perpetual movement of gayly-dressed people, vehicles on land and vessels on water, the balmy climate and the wonderful surroundings of the fair grounds. These, to be truly appreciated, must be seen.

The hall of the fine arts is probably the gem of the exposition. Its exquisite classical front, as well as its delicate and graceful extensions, are equal to the finest work displayed at the Chicago World's Fair, and superior to nine-tenths of the buildings of the same class in either this country or Europe. This building is not to be torn down when the exposition is over, but is to be preserved as a permanent gallery of the fine arts by the city of Atlanta.

Very stately and dignified, although not beautiful according to any school of art, is the Government building, which stands to the right of the Fine Arts, and occupies the highest ground in that portion of the park. It is splendidly adapted for exhibition purposes, the immense doors and windows giving a maximum of light and ventilation in every part of the building. The approach to its main portal from the lawn is very striking and superb. It consists of two

grand esplanades, broken into broad stairways and noble platforms approaching from two different lines of convergence. Along the containing walls are stately Corinthian and composite columns surmounted by symbolical life-sized statues. The effect is almost purely classical. The interior of the Government building is of extraordinary interest. You see in miniature form the national Capitol as it is in action; you also see, by drawings, models, figures, curiosities, relics, and exhibits, a concise but complete history of the magnificent work done by the Federal authorities in the development of our resources and our civilization.

Of the same general type as the Government building are the great edifices devoted to Agriculture, Manufactures and the Liberal Arts, Electricity, Transportation, and Machinery hall. They are a trifle more varied, both in design and ornamentation, than those of preceding world's fairs, and show that the American architect is gradually evolving a new style of architecture intended for expositions alone. Probably the most successful of this admirable quintette is the Agricultural building, whose magnificent outlines and symmetrical proportions attract attention even at several miles distance. Of very high excellence are two specimens of the old colonial style of building, richly decorated, and brought down to date. These are the Southern Railway building and, fairest of all, the Woman's building. The latter is also to be preserved as a permanent museum of woman's work.

The interior of the Woman's building is something which will long be remembered by all who have had the pleasure to cross its threshold. As a mere specimen of domestic architecture it is a poem in itself. The vast corridor, in which a party of five hundred might hold a ball or a banquet, stately winding stairs, wide enough for a regiment to march up and down, high-ceilinged rooms, noble windows, broad doorways, exquisite decoration in both form, line, and color, combine to make a memorable ensemble. As for the contents, they would require a volume for their recital.

Then, as if to add variety to the scene, are smaller buildings erected by States and corporations, such as the handsome Knickerbocker mansion of New York State, the Longfellow home of Massachusetts, the superb villa of Illinois, the quaint old Catholic Mission of California, the queer-looking barracks of Alabama, the cozy and shady bungalow of Costa Rica, the giant log-cabin of the creole kitchen, the pretty Renaissance of the woman's annex, the wonderful plant-pyramid of Florida, the railway sheds or stables, in which the iron horses stand upon exhibition; the campanile, the graceful music-stand, where Gilmore's Band pours forth melody every day; the Mexican village, with its interesting reproduction of Aztec, Spanish, and Saracen types of construction; the Japanese and Chinese villages, which transport Tokio and Canton to the Gate City of the South, and the Indian village and Dahomey village, where savage Africa confronts savage America in equal ingenuity and dirt. Here and there, in rhythmic undulations, winds the main road, one-half macadamized, as if to show the modern age, and one-half corduroy—that is to say, composed of a solid roadway of heavy pine planks, as if to represent the beginning of the century. The clever artist of the exposition so arranged road and meadow, hill and building, that from every point along the thoroughfare are two or three long vistas, each different from the rest, and yet each of the greatest attractiveness.

From the lawn, by the borders of the lake, with the great Agricultural building on the one side and Machinery Hall on the other, starts the Midway Plaisance. Instead of being a broad, straight street, such as was its famous predecessor in Chicago, this curls and turns and climbs what a year ago were rolling hills, but are now finely-graded terraces. It is here that the lounge, the man-about-town, the curio-seeker, the student of human nature, the haysced, and the small boy find perpetual solace and delight. It is discordant and noisy, but in a good-natured and jovial way that makes the hubbub as enjoyable as the music of a first-class orchestra. At one point a Mexican band blows and toots with a disregard for time and softness, delicacy and orchestration, that is simply sublime. Not far from them is a German brass band which has wandered far away from its home by the Rhine; there are hurdy-gurdies which squeak, and organs which wheeze, orchestrons which roar and calliopes which belch. There are Dahomey darkies who pound on tom-toms, and stalwart Soudanese who blow on long war-borns. There is the Indian drum and the Malay pipe, and there, towering over all in horror and in discord, is the Chinese orchestra with its cymbals and gongs, flutes and clarionets, snake-skin fiddles and shark-skin banjos. There is a Phoenix on the Plaisance which is a small Ferris wheel. There is also a chute on which every Southern man, woman, and child regards it as his or her duty to slide



and yell to the extent of a nickel. There is a Cairo Street, where half-bred Egyptians, Levantines, French Algerians, Tunisians, and alleged Turks perform the *danse du ventre* and other muscular but reprehensible feats.

It is a great fair! Most wonderful of all, its prices are very reasonable; its officials are courteous and well-informed, its conveniences are many, and its attractions manifold. As a whole the exposition is irrefragable proof that Atlanta is entitled to be classed among the metropolitan cities of the world.

MARGHERITA ARLINA HAMM.

## Something about English Volunteers.

I was very much interested in England in the manoeuvres of what is known as the Cycling Corps of one of the crack battalions of militia. Many of the volunteers, as they are called, have long had mounted companies attached to them, but the Cycling Corps, which was formed to act for scout duty, was, until two or three years ago, a new feature of British citizen-soldier life. All of the manoeuvres of the bicycle-riders were carried on in the presence of the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolsley, and the notable military critics of the British army expressed themselves as highly pleased with the results obtained. The Cycling Corps was composed of about a hundred well-trained athletes picked from the different regiments. The men had already acquired proficiency in bicycle-riding, and they were mounted on low, light-running, rubber-tired machines that had been specially constructed by the war department. There were racks behind the seats for carrying knapsacks, canteens, and the like; a small chest of tools was attached to each machine, with duplicate bearings, and every reasonable provision made for repairing breaks by accident. The men had a bicycle mount and all the regulation drill of the cavalry corps up to the sword exercise, but their main work was in carrying dispatches, exploring small roads and by-ways, and covering great distances noiselessly at night. Some of their operations were wonderfully successful, and the whole bicycle corps could move thirty miles into a country, get hold of any necessary facts, and send reports back by relays which they had left along the road, in an incredibly short space of time during the night. They were absolutely noiseless, and their movements were swift and certain.

Numerically, England has a militia force which is far ahead of that of America, though it is to be remembered that the United States has a volunteer reserve of able-bodied men who could be called out in case of an emergency. This reserve consists of seven or eight millions, and it has been shown that it can fight. Rather, there are, however, many points about the British volunteer militia which it seems to me might be incorporated in our own service. They have, for instance, what is called a land artillery which has reached the enormous number of forty-six thousand men, and which is as thoroughly trained in rifle exercises, marching, drilling, and the handling of big guns as the regulars of our own army. The artillery regiments are composed to a large extent of men in the laboring classes, offered by "gentlemen of leisure," who go into the militia from motives of patriotism. Once a week, in the summer months, the artillery go to the nearest forts for target-practice. Every year big detachments from each battalion go to Shoeburyness and shoot for prizes with eighteen- or twenty-four-pounder guns at ranges varying from one to three thousand yards. The artillery full-dress uniform is a very handsome one—black with red facings, silver ornaments, and white cross-belts. The men are armed with a short carbine and a sword bayonet.

A great many people have heard of the Yeomanry of Great Britain without knowing exactly what the word means. They number fourteen thousand, and would be very useful in time of war as irregular cavalry. The Yeomanry own their own horses, and very nearly all are good cross-country riders. They form the aristocracy of the volunteer service. The colonel is generally a man of rank; the Duke of Westminster, for example, is colonel of the Royal Chester Yeomanry. For fourteen days every year the men train after the methods of the regular cavalry. They wear small tunics, high boots, helmets, and swords.

On Easter Monday, every year, there is a sham fight in which all of the different branches of the service participate; and this fight, in which there are a great many thousand men, shows that if a foreign Power were to land on England's shores it would meet a citizens' army well practiced in the art of war. The volunteers are expressly for home defense, and in case of a sudden outbreak of war every battalion has its quarters fixed at some garrison

town, and could be quartered there within twenty-four hours after receipt of orders.

The enthusiasm with which young English volunteers devote themselves to the military part of their duty is one of the most interesting features of modern English life. Thirty years ago the British volunteers consisted of two or three small companies of riflemen, each individual member of which had to provide his own uniform, arms, and accoutrements. Now it is a force of over two hundred and fifty-seven thousand men, well armed, thoroughly disciplined, and embodying all the branches of the service—infantry, submarine, engineers, cavalry or yeomanry, and the land and royal naval artillery volunteers. The English government spends about five million dollars a year in support of the volunteer service. This is much in excess of the cost of the militia force of this country. The friendly shooting contests which take place between the American militia and the English volunteers at Creedmoor, Dollymont, and Wimbledon have shown the English marksmen to be possessed of a good deal of skill. There is quite a uniform degree of skill throughout the whole body of amateur soldiers. The "Elcho Shield," which is shot for each year between teams of eight from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, shows a very high order of ability among the men. The distances are 800, 900, and 1,000 yards, fifteen shots at each range, and it is very rare that any man of the thirty-two fails to hit the bull's-eye more than four times at each range, and there are invariably full strings of bull's-eyes made by men in all of the teams at the different ranges.

Of the different branches of the English volunteers, the infantry, of course, comes first numerically. They number about two hundred thousand men of all ranks, and they are dressed in a great variety of uniforms, though the principal style is that of the regulars, viz., helmet, tunic, and trousers. Many wear clothes of the Zouave fashion, with peaked cap, short, loose jacket, baggy knickerbockers, and leather leggings. Occasionally the historic scarlet of old England is still seen, but the more sensible tints of gray, buff, black, and invisible green are favored by the battalions which follow the advice of military experts. The men are armed with the Martini-Henry rifle. An enthusiastic volunteer has many opportunities of testing the sweets and bitters of a soldier's life. Every battalion goes into camp for one or two weeks in the summer, where exactly the same rules are observed as in the regular service. Nine privates sleep in one tent, their sleeping-gear consisting of waterproof ground sheet, a light straw mattress, a pillow, and two army rugs. All their meals are taken in tents, sentries are always posted day and night, and drill is the order of the day.

The social standing of the men in the different battalions is a vexed question in Great Britain. Class problems are always arising there, and nowhere are they more severe than in the volunteer service. Some of the battalions are composed entirely of laboring men, officered by well-to-do men who can afford to give a good deal of time and money to the cause. In these battalions it is quite impossible for a man to rise from the ranks, the class prejudice being too strong; hence, there is always a lot of discontent in the ranks. In other battalions all officers must rise from the ranks, and it would be impossible for any man, no matter what his position might be, to go into a regiment and take a commission. In the event of there being two men of equal standing, each wishing to take a vacant position, the captain formerly selected one, but nowadays the whole company have a ballot, and elect the man they prefer. In battalions of the higher class, which are usually composed of men of fair position, an entrance-fee and subscription have to be paid, and recruits are elected as to any club. The feeling of patriotism among the British volunteers runs very high, and the government distinctly encourages it.

BLAKELY HALL.

## AMATEUR ATHLETICS

### An Interesting Feature of the Foot-ball Season.

PERHAPS the most interesting, as well as the most important, feature of the foot-ball season at this time is the whole-hearted manner in which the teams of Yale and Princeton are endeavoring to improve the game by making the play more open, and introducing such pretty methods of advancing the ball as double passes, long passes, and punts on a first down. Double passes used to be all the go, years ago, and were most effective plays, while at the same time their execution pleased the spectators, who

could follow without effort the course of the ball from one player to another.

When mass plays rule the play, however, the spectator gets a peep at the ball only at infrequent intervals, or when, on a third down, a kick becomes necessary. For this reason the game is a complete puzzle to all save those who have followed the sport year in and year out. Last year an effort was made to make the play more open, but only partial success resulted, and had all the different college teams finished the season in a friendly fashion and bent on continuing the good work, a reform convention would have followed, and by intelligent discussion during the winter settled upon a set of rules likely to open up the game to the satisfaction of the most fastidious enthusiast of such a game. But Yale and Harvard had to fall out—also Princeton and Pennsylvania; and as a result the two factions sprung up to effectually kill any combined reform movement.

It is apparent, however, from a study of the rules each side has adopted, that the Yale-Princeton ones alone aim at a result which the public desire—that is, a more open game. For this reason it seems as though they must finally prevail. They are not only the logical ones, but the majority of teams are using them, which is an additional reason for believing that the Harvard-Cornell-Pennsylvania code is destined to enjoy a brief existence.

#### HARVARD AND YALE FAIL TO AGREE.

Harvard and Yale will not meet on the grid-iron this year, and perhaps, after all, it were better so. A year of calm reflection on both sides can do no harm, and much good may possibly result. In the past Harvard has been, ever, a hard loser, and until she learns to take defeat in the uncomplaining and smiling manner so marked in the behavior of the Cambridge track and field athletes after a crushing defeat at the hands of Yale, there can be no desirable contests with Yale. The present strained relations between the two are due solely to the disagreeable and public manner in which Harvard graduates and the players themselves have acted when the battle has gone against them.

#### THE GOLFING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

The recent golf tournament for the amateur and professional championships of the country, which was held upon the beautiful grounds of the Newport Club, Newport, Rhode Island, was a novel as well as an interesting event.

No one present at the different matches could have doubted for one moment the fact that golf as a popular game has come to stay. It is a game which, like cricket, appeals to the young and the old alike. It is only necessary to try it once to become infatuated with the sport.

On October 3d, Sands, of the Westchester Club, met McDonald of Chicago in the finals for the amateur championship, and the former was defeated by the score of twelve up and eleven to play. McDonald's form was superb throughout. The course was thirty-six holes four times played over the links, a half course being played in the morning and half in the afternoon.

McDonald by his win secured permanent possession of a valuable gold medal, as well as the custody for one year of the one-thousand-dollar silver vase offered by T. A. Havemeyer, president of the United States Golf Association. Mr. Sands's portion was a silver medal, while Dr. Charles Claxton, of the Philadelphia Country Club, secured the third prize, a bronze medal. A bronze medal also went to F. J. Amory, who finished fourth.

On Friday, October 4th, the open-championships contest was decided. The amateurs who played were unable to hold up their end with their professional brothers. The event was won handsily by H. Rawlins, an assistant to Davis, the greens-keeper of the Newport Club. Rawlins is not yet twenty years old. Following are the grand totals of the different competitors: Rawlins, 173; Willie Dunn, 175; Foulis, 176; Campbell, 179; Smith, 176; Harland, 183; Patrick, 183; Tucker, 185; Reid, 206.

Rawlins's win meant a gold medal of much value, the title of championship, one hundred and fifty dollars in money, and the right of the Newport Club to hold for one year the silver cup—on which Rawlins's name will be inscribed—offered by the United States Golf Association.

One of the notable incidents of the play was a long drive of two hundred and eighteen yards by Foulis. This measurement is the actual carry, inasmuch as the ball did not roll a yard.

The longest authentic professional drive is that by Parks, who drove the ball from the Cliff tee at St. Andrews' two hundred and forty-three yards.

W. T. Puller

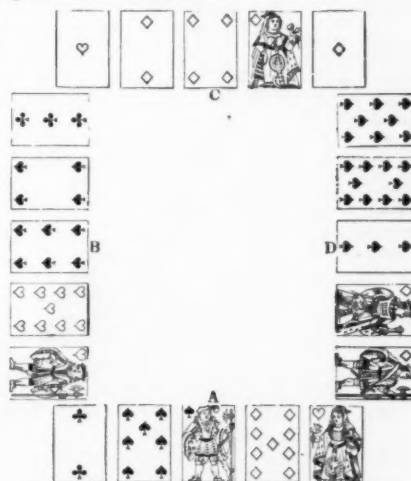
## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

CONDUCTED BY SAM. LOYD.

### Whist Practice.

In Problem No. 38, wherein the trick turns upon C's masterly discard of the king, to throw the lead to the enemy, not a few of our experts fell into accepting some one of the many lines which capture but three tricks. The winning of that extra trick is effected by A leading the ace, to which C throws his king. A then leads spades to B, who is compelled to break his partner's hold on diamonds. The problem was mastered by Messrs. G. Armstrong, F. Allen, F. Buckley, "P. H. B.," G. Barrett, C. G. Clark, Caledonian Club, "Carleton," G. Darby, Dr. Eastman, W. P. Ellery, C. Furst, C. N. Gowan, P. Gifford, "H. D. L. H.," "Hoyle," M. C. Isbel, "Ivanhoe," "Iconoclast," Irving Club, Lillie L. Knapp, D. W. Kennedy, C. H. Masters, Mrs. H. T. Menner, Mrs. T. Miffen, C. T. Nugent, E. Orr, W. Potter, "Priscilla," M. C. Peel, "E. F. R.," G. Rose, P. Stafford, J. P. Stewart, G. Stevens, M. Titus, Dr. N. P. Tyler, M. Veile, "Veritas," "Whist," and Mrs. W. Young.

Here is a bright little finish which will repay those who get at the underlying principle. It is given as Problem No. 38:

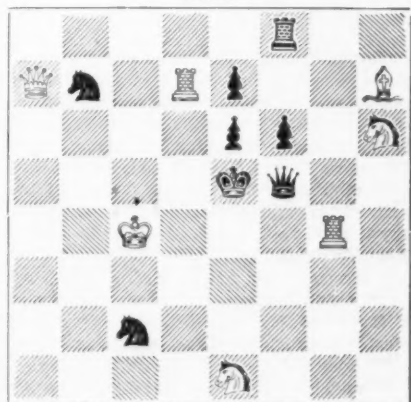


Clubs trumps. A leads, and with partner C takes how many tricks against any possible play?

### The Chess-board.

PROBLEM No. 34. BY S. LOYD.

Black.



White.

White to play and mate in two moves.

By a curious coincidence the above problem is received from a correspondent who asks whether the position is correct, and at the same time we find it in a German paper, asking regarding its authorship. It was one of a set of problems which carried off the first prize in the American Centennial Tournament of 1876, and created at the time no little discussion regarding features of problem construction.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 31. BY DEWEY.

White. Black.  
1 Q to Kt. 1 K to B6.  
2 Kt to Q mate.

(Continued on page 274.)

Highest of all in Leavening Strength.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

## ABSOLUTELY PURE



## THE SCIENCE OF PLACE-KICKING IN FOOT-BALL.

KICKING in foot-ball may be divided into three branches or departments—that of punting, drop-kicking, and place-kicking. Of the three the third is by far the easiest to acquire. To one who has mastered in a way the first



FIG. 1.

two, punting offers more opportunities for a display of science than drop-kicking, and is harder to master. The novice, on the other hand, would class drop-kicking as far the more difficult of the two.

But, easy as place-kicking is, the fact remains that there are more players who can punt better than they can kick goals than the reverse, by a large majority. In every game which is played, and during which touchdowns are made, a player will give a sorry exhibition or two of place-kicking for goal. This should not be so. On the contrary, when a team scores by touchdown there should be several players equally capable of kicking a goal within reasonable bounds.

And as with place-kicking so it is with



FIG. 2.

the drop and punt. Players right and left, upon whose shoulders the kicking responsibilities rest, do not begin to perform as they should. Last year I wrote extensively on the value of kicking in foot-ball, and from beginning to end of the season took a leading stand, pointing out the possibilities of this kick and that, and illustrating from games which had just taken place why this and that kick should have been tried at certain times.

By reason of this advocacy of kicking I received many letters, and the burden of many of them was for an illustrated story dealing scientifically with the place-kick, the drop-kick, and the punt. As such a story could not possibly be covered properly for the want of necessary space, I have decided to treat at this time only of the place-kick.

Unfortunately, for the want of a subject, I



FIG. 3.

was forced to pose myself. Mr. J. C. Hemment, the clever artist, officiated at the camera end, and how well he has succeeded the pictures will tell for themselves.

The rules define a place-kick as one "made by kicking the ball after it has been placed on the ground." In Figure 1 the ball will be noticed in an upright position upon the ground. Were a game in progress the only difference would be that a player of the kicker's side would be holding the ball in his hands with the lower end of the ball just off the ground. The ball is then "placed" upon the ground when the kicker indicates his readiness to kick.

The idea of holding the ball off the ground signifies "not in play." The act of placing it on the ground puts it in play, and the opponents lined up on their goal line have the right to charge with the purpose of blocking the kick.

For this reason the kicker, once he has said "all right"—which is the signal to take away the underneath hand which supports the ball—must act immediately. Thus, while the ball is held in mid-air he must sight it and otherwise order it fixed to insure a goal.

Now, as will be noticed in Figure 1, the ball stands nearly upright; to be exact, the top inclines slightly toward the goal, or away from the kicker, at a given angle. This angle is determined by the distance from the goal. Briefly, the nearer the goal—say



FIG. 4.

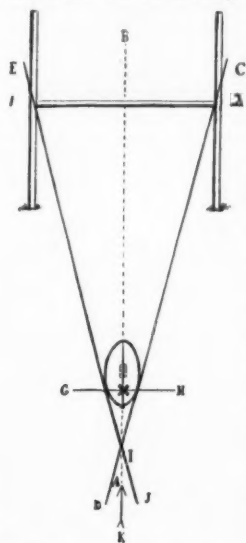
twenty yards—the ball is upright if not really inclined a bit toward the kicker. The farther away you go the ball is inclined away from the kicker to a certain point—for forty yards, I should say at an angle of forty-five degrees. Hickok, who last year made fifty and sixty-yard kicks repeatedly from the centre of the field, did so with the ball resting with its longest diameter horizontal.

Standing now in the kicker's position, which he assumes in sighting the ball, other points to note in the position of the ball are these: The lacing of the ball is toward you, and affords a convenient mark for the eye, for directly below the end of the lacing nearest the ground and upon the middle seam is the spot which must be struck by the toe in order to insure a goal. To be exact, this spot is on the middle seam, half-way between the lower end of the lacing and the end of the ball resting on the ground.

With the above as a preface, the complete operation of kicking a goal is as follows: Suppose a touchdown has been made

directly back of the goal. Then order the player who is to hold the ball for you to walk out twenty-five yards. Perchance there is not a nice level spot at this distance, in which case go a bit farther until the spot to suit the fancy is found.

The following diagram shows the correct position of the ball for kicking:



E J and C D are tangent lines to the ball at two points connected by the line G H, which is horizontal and parallel to the cross-bar 1 2. The line A B, which bisects the angle E J and C D make at I, is perpendicular to 1 2 at its middle point.

X designates the spot on the middle seam of the ball which must be struck by the foot, and it follows that a force traveling along in the direction K, as indicated, and meeting X squarely, must necessarily send the ball along the line A B. If perchance the top of the ball

inclines away from the line A B it will fly off to one side on the kick. So, too, if the lacing does not coincide with A B, the weight of the ball will be unevenly divided by A B, and failure likely result.

In the event of a touchdown off to one side of the goal the same principles govern. The space between the posts from this new position may look no more than two feet in width, in which case you simply sight the ball on a line which would bisect those two feet and coincide at the same time with the middle seam of the ball.

Once having sighted the ball, the eye seeks the spot X and becomes fixed. Then the command "All right" is given, which is the signal, say, for the player holding the ball to place it upon the ground easily and so steadily that it cannot change its position, keeping, the while, the upper hand on the ball to maintain its upright position. Until the foot actually strikes X, the eye must never shift, must never stray. The eye, glued to that all-important spot X, directs the foot—directs it to the very last. If the eye strays, the foot loses its guide and is apt to impart a glancing blow to the ball, which in consequence sheers off to one side.

We will now suppose that "All right" is uttered. Immediately the kicker takes a quick, short step (say two feet) as in Figure 2, with the left foot (it would be well to remember that the kicker pictured here kicks with his left foot; hence right-footed kickers should substitute right for left, left for right, wherever used), and follows directly with the right, which plants itself firmly in ground just off to the right side of the ball and slightly in its rear.

At the same time the kicking or left leg is drawn well up, as in Figure 3. The position of the foot shows that it has been drawn squarely back. Figure 4 shows a side view.

In Figure 5 the foot is descending, and, as can be further observed, is close under the body and presumably swinging in the line A B. (See diagram.) Furthermore it will be noticed that in Figures 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 the eye is evidently on the ball (that spot X)—nowhere else.

Figure 6 shows the ball just over the left shoulder, traveling for the centre of the goal. This picture shows to a nicety how well the foot has done its work, and the ball, by appearing over the left shoulder, proves that the foot struck X squarely.

Figure 7 is a side view of 6, the feature of which is a straight leg carried well up, which shows that the application of force was not



FIG. 5.

jerky nor snappy. Had the swing been a nervous, jerky one the leg would have, after passing under the body, become bent, and traveled little beyond the body.

To sum up the place-kick I would lay down these laws: First, take plenty of time to make all the necessary preparations of selecting a kicking spot and sighting the ball; second, instruct the holder of the ball to hold the under hand toward the opposing side with the broad side showing. By so doing the end of the ball is concealed and can be practically held upon the ground from the start, thus eliminating the element of uncertainty incident to placing it upon the ground. Even the nervous of holders may, in settling the ball an inch or so to the ground, change its position sufficiently to cause a failure. Third, glue the eye to the spot which you know must be struck to

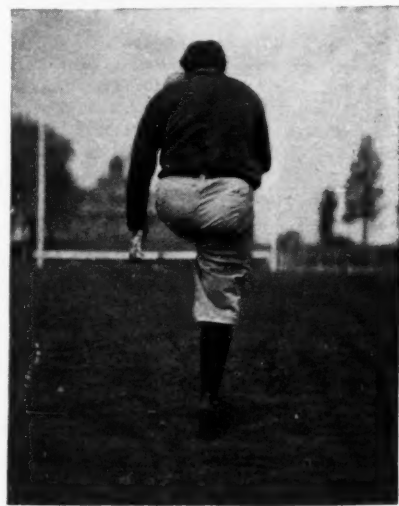


FIG. 6.

insure success; fourth, take the two steps before kicking, deliberately, never hurriedly; fifth, don't kick with all your might, yet kick as though you meant something; sixth, think of absolutely nothing but striking that "spot."

If a wind is blowing across the field of sufficient strength to influence the true flight of the ball, allowance must be made, but only when the kick is off so to one side that the smallest deviation will carry the ball wide. Experience alone must teach the kicker just how much to allow under such conditions.

Speaking from experience, I would say that rarely, if ever, does the wind blow so hard that the ball has to be sighted an appreciable distance from either goal-post—say, a yard. As a rule, by kicking for the weather goal-post due allowance is made for any ordinary wind.

W. T. BULL.



FIG. 7.

THE KICKING OF A GOAL FROM A "TOUCHDOWN" IS A SIMPLE MATTER, YET THE SCIENCE SEEMS TO BE LITTLE UNDERSTOOD BY THE KICKERS OF TO-DAY.





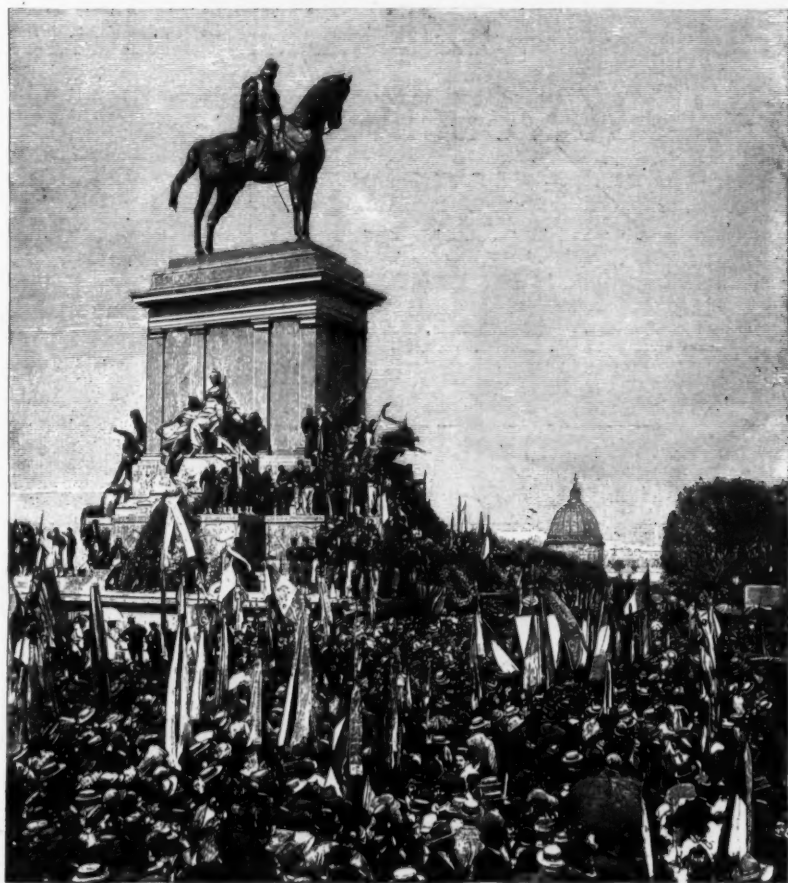
THE RECENT GERMAN ARMY MANŒUVRES NEAR STETTIN—THE EMPERORS OF GERMANY AND AUSTRIA VIEWING A SHAM FIGHT.—*London Graphic*.



THE LATE M. LOUIS PASTEUR, THE EMINENT FRENCH SCIENTIST.—*L'illustration*.



GOLF IN ENGLAND—RIGHT HONORABLE A. J. BALFOUR WATCHING THE MEDAL PLAY AT ST. ANDREW'S.—*Black and White*.



INAUGURATION OF THE MONUMENT TO GARIBALDI AT ROME.  
*L'illustrazione Italiana*.



PAPAL BENEDICTION OF SPANISH TROOPS BEFORE LEAVING VITTORIA FOR CUBA.  
*London Graphic*.



## OUR PUZZLE CORNER.

(Continued from page 271.)

A very pretty problem with a clever key which has a bearing upon the position of the black king in all four of the variations. It is not difficult of solution, but is very pleasing and satisfactory to the solver who appreciates the niceties of construction. Correct answers were received in the following order from Messrs. F. C. Nye, W. L. Fogg, J. Winslow, B. Whitmore, Dr. Baldwin, P. Stafford, F. B. Miller, W. E. Hayward, A. Hardy, A. C. Cass, W. Spain, R. Rogers, C. V. Smith, A. O. Kutsche, G. Anders, J. J. Ryan, T. Stout, G. Newall, C. F. Monan, and I. Willetts. All others were incorrect. Several correspondents have pointed out that a black bishop should stand on K R 8 to prevent a variety of solutions in Problem No. 32.

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It gives to all desiring privacy, Compartment cars equipped par excellence.  
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